

NO MORE PEACE!

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SEVEN PLAYS (*The Bodley Head*)
MASSES AND MAN (*The Bodley Head*)
THE BLIND GODDESS (*The Bodley Head*)
DRAW THE FIRES (*The Bodley Head*)
I WAS A GERMAN (*The Bodley Head*)
LETTERS FROM PRISON (*The Bodley Head*)
THE SWALLOW BOOK (*Oxford University Press*)
WHICH WORLD, WHICH WAY? (*Samson, Low*)
BROKEN-BROW (*Nonesuch Press*)
THE MACHINE-WRECKERS (*Benn*)
HOPFLA! WE LIVE (*Benn*)

NO MORE PEACE!

a thoughtful comedy by

ERNST TOLLER

translated by Edward Crankshaw

lyrics adapted by W. H. Auden

music by Herbert Murrill



JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON

This volume is the authorised English translation
of *Nie Wieder Friede!* by Ernst Toller

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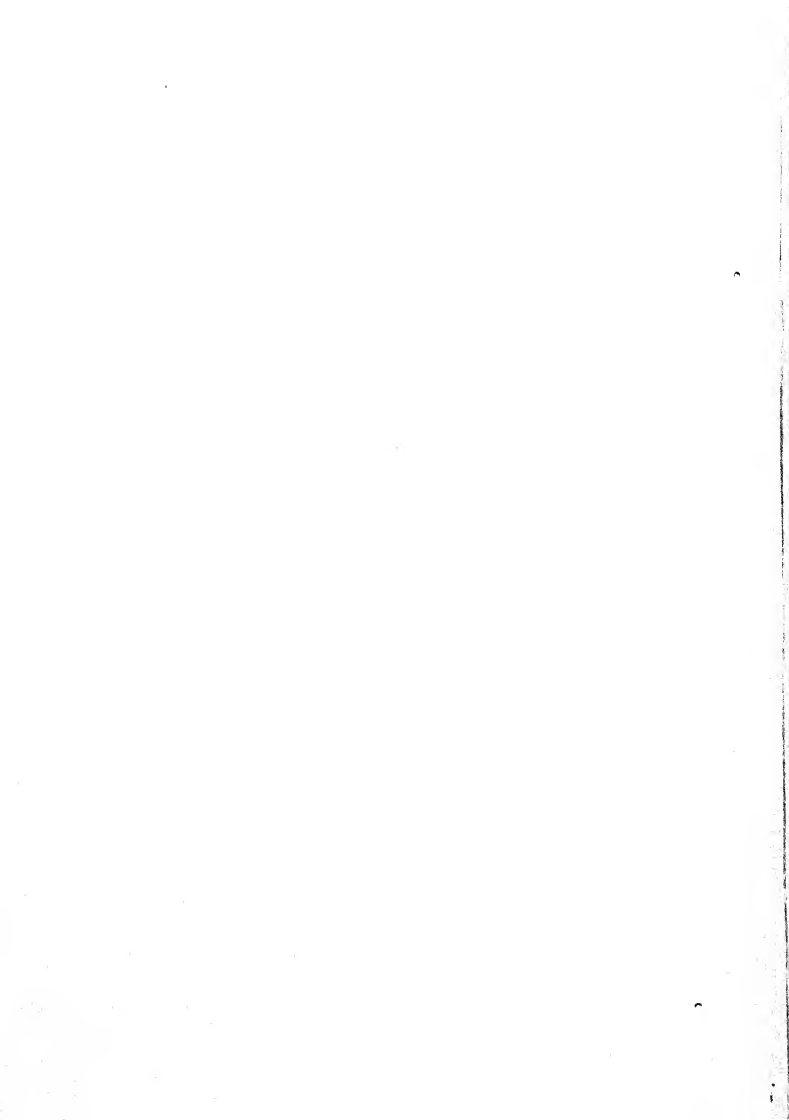
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English edition first published in 1937

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To
CHRISTIANE



NO MORE PEACE !

THE TERMS FOR THE PERFORMANCE
of this play may be obtained from
James B. Pinker & Son, Talbot
House, Arundel Street, Strand,
London, W.C.2., to whom all appli-
cations for permission should be
made.

No performance or public reading
may be given without written
permission.

CHARACTERS

in the order of their appearance :

NAPOLEON

ST. FRANCIS

THE ANGEL

NOAH, an unemployed worker

SAMUEL, a Commissionaire

LOT, Emmissary from the League of Nations

LABAN, Banker in Dunkelstein

DAVID, a Schoolmaster ; later Minister for Propaganda and Enlightenment

JACOB, a Brazilian ; Rachel's fiancé

RACHEL, Daughter of Laban

THE FAT MAN

THE LITTLE MAN

THE THIN MAN

CAIN, a Hairdresser ; later Wartime Dictator

SARAH, Rachel's old Nurse

A DOCTOR

SOCRATES

THE CHILDREN AND GUESTS AT THE PARTY

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. Olympus

SCENE 2. The City Hall in Dunkelstein

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. Olympus

SCENE 2. Cell in the Dunkelstein Prison

SCENE 3. Olympus

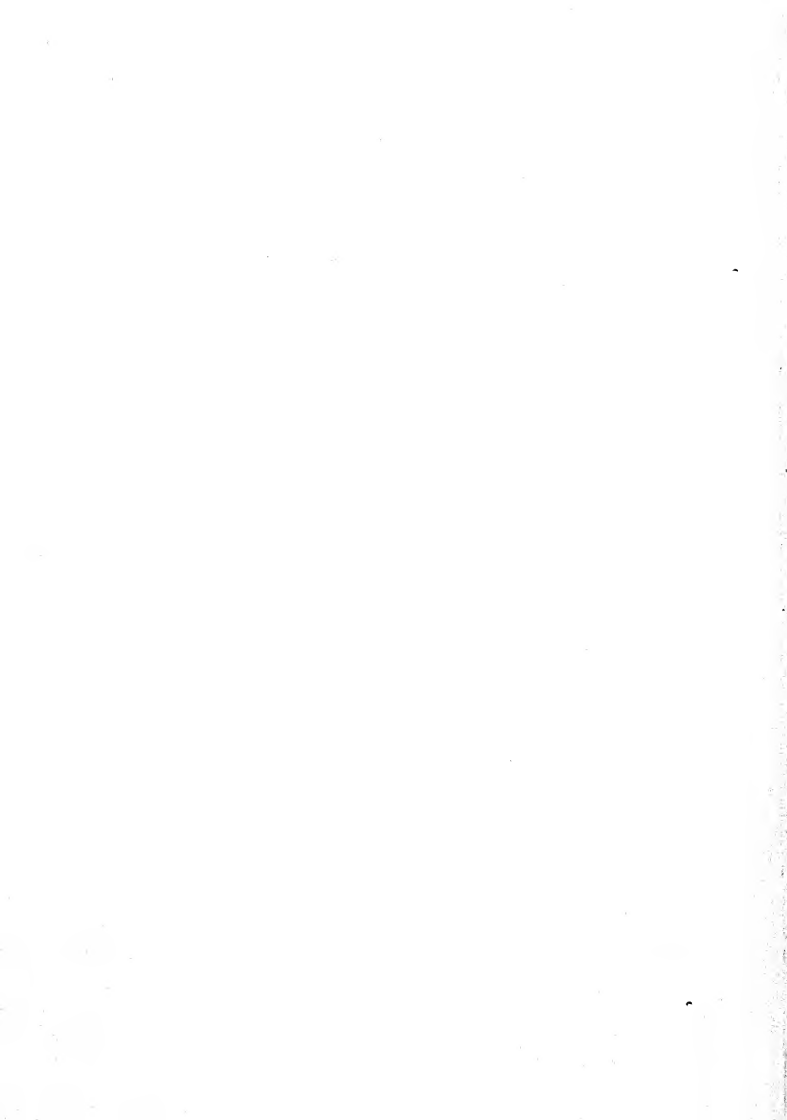
SCENE 4. The City Hall in Dunkelstein

SCENE 5. Olympus.

AUTHOR'S NOTE TO PRODUCERS

For this play it is advantageous to have a single permanent setting, since it enables the piece to be played at the necessary speed.

Olympus may be represented by a dais raised above the ordinary level of the stage, which then may be used for the Dunkelstein scenes.





NO MORE PEACE

ACT ONE

SCENE I

Drawing-room on Olympus.

(When the Curtain rises ST. FRANCIS and NAPOLEON are seated on comfortable clouds before an open fireplace, in which the fire is the sun. In the corner at a switchboard a female ANGEL. ST. FRANCIS and NAPOLEON are playing dominoes.)

NAPOLEON. A cigarette, my dear Francis?

ST. FRANCIS. Thank you, I don't smoke.

NAPOLEON *(pouring himself out a drink)*. Whisky?

ST. FRANCIS. I don't drink, thank you.

NAPOLEON. The dinner was shocking.

ST. FRANCIS. Well, you know, it's no use asking my opinion. For very many years now, I've lived on manna and rain-water. A little of that every day is all I need.

ANGEL. There's a new cook, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. Another Englishman, I'll be bound. We've had roast beef every other day for a week. You know, the Almighty's predilection for the English passes my comprehension.

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(*Faint growling of thunder.*)

ST. FRANCIS (*pointing upwards*). Softly, my friend. A most capable nation.

NAPOLEON. Capable, but uninspired. I certainly underestimated them! (*Pause.*) (*To ANGEL.*) My dear, is there anything on the northern radio?

ANGEL. A talk by Charles Darwin on "My Earthly Mistakes: Why man is *not* descended from the Apes."

NAPOLEON. I've heard that a hundred times already. Anything better on the Southern station?

ANGEL. The heavenly weather forecast.

NAPOLEON. Set fair. Much sunshine. Further outlook very settled. I know.

ANGEL. There's a concert from the central transmitter—an English choir.

NAPOLEON (*to ST. FRANCIS*). Do you mind?

ST. FRANCIS. Not at all.

LOUD SPEAKER. *The heavens are telling Jehovah's glory;*

*The sounding spheres His power proclaim;
The earth, the oceans, are loud with His story;
Revere, O Man, His Awful Name.*

NAPOLEON. I'm afraid it's boring enough up here when one comes to think of it. These panegyrics are apt to get monotonous. . . .

ST. FRANCIS. We live the life of the blessed. We live in peace.

NAPOLEON. Precisely! . . . (To ANGEL.)
Try something else, child.

(ANGEL manipulates switchboard; from the loud-speaker issue the strains of the "Internationale.")

ST. FRANCIS: What a beautiful chorale!

• NAPOLEON. What? The "Internationale!"
Is this possible? Are the Gods going red?

ANGEL. Oh, I'm so sorry, Your Majesty! I
got on to hell by mistake . . .

(She switches off.)

ST. FRANCIS. Nevertheless, I found the music
very sweet.

NAPOLEON. Have you seen the papers?

ST. FRANCIS. I never read the papers.

NAPOLEON (to ANGEL). Have the European
evening papers come?

ANGEL. Yes, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. What's happening in Paris?

ANGEL. The Government has been overthrown.

NAPOLEON. Most unusual! Anything about
me?

ANGEL. Your Majesty's name is not mentioned.

NAPOLEON. Hm! The Parisians always were
an ungrateful lot!

ST. FRANCIS. You must not forget you have
been dead more than a hundred years.

NAPOLEON. What are a hundred years? . . .
(To ANGEL.) And London?

ANGEL. England is threatened.

NAPOLEON. Who by? America? Germany? Japan?

ANGEL. No—All India. M.C.C. are all out for 17.

NAPOLEON. I'm avenged at last! This is worse for them than if I had conquered India myself. What about Berlin?

ANGEL. The German Government desires nothing so much as peace.

NAPOLEON. Uh! How are the armament shares?

ANGEL. United German Armaments have risen ten points.

NAPOLEON. So . . .? And the League of Nations?

ANGEL. The League of Nations has inaugurated a new Day.

ST. FRANCIS. Who is the saint?

ANGEL. It's in honour of peace. It's to be called Peace Day.

ST. FRANCIS. Amen!

NAPOLEON. That means war just round the corner!

ST. FRANCIS (*up and r*). My dear Napoleon, war has been outlawed. The Governments of the earth have pledged themselves. Their ministers speak of nothing but peace. All the nations are concluding peace pacts. (*Back L.*)

NAPOLEON. What the devil's the use of a peace pact if not to prepare for war?

ST. FRANCIS. Ah, you believe only in the evil in men.

NAPOLEON. Well, you believe only in the good in men.

ST. FRANCIS. When I was living on earth men were by no means good. They professed goodness, but their deeds were not good. The rich extolled poverty while they wallowed in splendour and luxury. Rakes and gluttons preached abstinence. Snobs cut themselves off from the sufferings of their fellow-men. If a man with seven cloaks was asked by a beggar for one of them, only one, to warm his shivering limbs, that man would lock his wardrobe and set his dogs upon the beggar. My contemporaries were lacking in understanding, in the knowledge of goodness; they served Satan and corrupted their souls. That was many, many centuries ago. To-day mankind is better, more understanding, more humane. God has sent terrible scourges on to the earth to teach men and to lead them to the right path.

NAPOLEON. What do you mean by that?

ST. FRANCIS. Even you, my dear Napoleon, were an ambassador of the Almighty.

NAPOLEON. That's very civil of you, Francis. But I flatter myself that I know something about human nature and don't believe all this chattering about peace.

ST. FRANCIS. Didn't you yourself write in your memoirs that in the end the mind proves stronger than the sword?

NAPOLEON. That was written at the end of my days, at the end of my deeds . . . on St. Helena.

ST. FRANCIS. It has been taken very seriously by your biographers.

NAPOLEON. Am I responsible for my biographers? You know what they are. Napoleon thought this in the morning, that in the afternoon, and something else at night. If I'd had all the thoughts attributed to me by biographers, I should never have got anything done at all. Men of action think infrequently! . . . No, I don't believe in all this talk about peace. I tell you what, would you like to meet a scholar who has made a life study of society and its troubles? You know Marx, of course.

ST. FRANCIS. Which one?

NAPOLEON. Karl Marx. The man who wrote a book.

ST. FRANCIS. What was it called?

NAPOLEON. I don't know. I didn't enjoy it. Actually, of course, Marx is living in Hell, but the Almighty would certainly let him up here for an hour or so.

ST. FRANCIS. I remember—I read that book—what was it called? “Das Kapital.” I did not like it. I really don't think he's quite the man for me. If you don't mind I think he'd better stay where he is.

NAPOLEON. Just as you please. But I promise you that the very people who are boosting peace

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to-day will be exalting war to-morrow. You see, if one could *fight* for peace. . . .

ST. FRANCIS. Many martyrs have died for peace.

NAPOLEON. Yes, but as martyrs, as sufferers—not as heroes, not as men of action. The martyrs are revered, but the heroes are glorified. Girls dream of heroes, not martyrs. You see, Francis, mankind loves adventure, romantic uncertainty. There is none of that in peace.

(A sound of distant bells.)

ST. FRANCIS. Do you hear that?

NAPOLEON. I can't hear anything.

ST. FRANCIS. My ears may be more sensitive to such sounds. All over the earth the bells of peace are ringing.

NAPOLEON. I am still unimpressed.

ST. FRANCIS. You lack faith.

NAPOLEON. I'll make a bet with you.

ST. FRANCIS. I never bet, my dear friend.

NAPOLEON. Nonsense. Pick out the most peaceful town on earth, and I'll send them a telegram saying that war has been declared.

ST. FRANCIS. Not a forged telegram?

NAPOLEON. It wouldn't be the first I've sent, by any means!

ST. FRANCIS. And what would happen? They would pray; they would refuse to fight. Mothers would hide their sons.

NAPOLEON. We shall see! Give me my map

and pick a town. Well? London? Paris? Rome . . . No. (*Over the map.*) Some small place . . . What about this? . . . Dunkelstein.

ST. FRANCIS. Dunkelstein?

NAPOLEON. See? It's a little country between France and Spain. You know the sort of place. No income tax, everyone happy, all the European capitalists lock up their money in the Dunkelstein banks. Every other building is a bank. Now, this town, you will agree, must certainly fear war more than anything.

ST. FRANCIS. I'm afraid it must.

NAPOLEON. My dear Francis, you shouldn't speak like that when peace is in question.

ST. FRANCIS (*to ANGEL*). My dear, what is happening in Dunkelstein?

ANGEL. The world lies below you. See? Some sort of demonstration. Listen. A peace celebration.

ST. FRANCIS (*triumphant*). Amen. Very well. I'll take your bet.

NAPOLEON. I'll send that telegram at once!

ST. FRANCIS. But the wireless will contradict the lie. The people will laugh at the idea.

NAPOLEON. Who should we get on to?

ANGEL. There's a very nice man in Dunkelstein, Your Majesty. Mr. Laban. Very rich. Practically runs the place.

NAPOLEON. I shall send my telegram to Mr. Laban. Go ahead. And after it's sent, all

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transmissions to Dunkelstein must be jammed. Let the Central Trouble Station see to it. (*Striking his celebrated pose.*) See to it.

ANGEL. Like this, Your Majesty?

(*The ANGEL makes a crackling noise like shell-fire with her switchboard.*)

NAPOLEON. Excellent. Even I can hear that. It sounds like gunfire.

BLACK OUT.

SCENE 2

A Hall in Dunkelstein.

NOAH. Where's the fire?

(*SAMUEL goes on working.*)

Hey, Samuel!

SAMUEL. There isn't any fire.

NOAH. Then what are the bells ringing for?

SAMUEL. That's not the fire alarm. Those bells are ringing for peace. . . . You clear out. I am busy.

NOAH. What's all this about peace?

SAMUEL. Don't you read the papers? Don't you know to-day is Peace Day? In every town in Europe war is being buried with music.

·NOAH. And champagne, I see! And you're the undertaker, I suppose?

SAMUEL (*fetching tray*). Don't be funny!

NOAH. Well, mind you don't nail the coffin down before the body is dead!

SAMUEL. Oh, go away! What do you want here, anyway?

NOAH. What do you think old Noah wants? A bit of peace!

SAMUEL. You talk as though peace were something to fill your belly with.

NOAH. That's more than you can say for war! . . .

SAMUEL. Always thinking of your belly—that's you! Have you got a ticket?

NOAH. Ticket? What do I want with a ticket?

SAMUEL. Then you can't hang about in here.

NOAH. Why not?

SAMUEL. Master's orders. Out you go!

NOAH. Oh, it is, is it? Well here I am and here I stay. Old Laban can't bully me! (*He sits down at the table.*)

SAMUEL. Mr. Laban to you! Here, you get off the clean chair! You're dirtier than ever!

NOAH. Right as usual, Samuel. You have to look a bit dirty when you're begging. The customers expect it. Of course if old Laban looked like this he'd scare his customers off for good. Mr. Laban has to dress up a bit. His customers expect it.

SAMUEL. I don't want any lip from you! Get out!

NOAH. Keep your hair on, Samuel! Don't take any notice of old Noah.

SAMUEL. You don't deserve what the gentlemen have been doing for you—working away to bring peace for us all. You just go on making trouble. That's you—always making trouble! When it's war you want peace; when it's peace you want war. And why? Simply because you don't know what you do want!

NOAH. Right as usual, Samuel. But your governor, he always knows what he wants.

SAMUEL. You don't deserve what he's done for you, Mr. Laban. Working himself ill for you and your like. He can't sleep at night for worrying about you and how he can help you to an honest living. I'd be ashamed of myself!

NOAH. If it would help him to sleep any better you can tell your governor from me that he needn't think any more about old Noah. I've got my pride too. So put that in your pipe and smoke it! I'm just not working any more.

SAMUEL. Ungrateful brute, turning your back on an honest living out of sheer idleness!

NOAH. I'm getting old, I am. I've had to work thirty years and that's long enough for any man. From now on I beg!

SAMUEL. And go about like a dirty gutter-snipe.

NOAH. All part of the profession, as I

said ! Old Laban's in just the same boat. *He* knows !

SAMUEL. If you don't clear out I'll knock your block off, standing there insulting your betters !

NOAH. That's it, Samuel. That's what they pay you for ! I like to see a man doing his job properly. Go on. I'll be back for my free beer !

SAMUEL. Scum ! That's what you are—scum ! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter the Peace Procession.*)

LABAN. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to introduce to you our distinguished guest, the delegate from the League of Nations, Mr. Lot. He will say a few words to you about the League of Nations.

(*Handclapping. MR. LOT bows.*)

LOT. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.

(*Declaiming.*)

In the trees man's life began
Naked through the woods he ran
Made the lion and tiger yield
Brandished weapons in the field
Brandished them above his head
Struck his human neighbour dead
Bestial he remained the same
And the morning never came.

NO MORE PEACE

Two thousand Christian years have passed
Man's a pacifist at last
Nations, classes, rich and poor
Look with eyes of hate no more
White and yellow, black and brown
To the feast of love sit down
And the smiling earth may sing
"War is a forgotten thing."

LABAN. Thank you. My friends and citizens. These are no empty phrases. To lend point to this expression of the brotherhood of nations, I am this very day giving my daughter in marriage to a young and very gallant gentleman from Brazil, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Jacob. (*To JACOB.*) Say a few words, Jacob, it's expected of you.

(*Enthusiasm.*)

JACOB (*into the microphone*). Mr. President. You must excuse me, I am afraid I am no speaker. (*Cries of "No, no."*) I am a stranger in your beautiful country. I come from distant Brazil. I am a son of the Pampas. I saw the daughter of your honoured fellow citizen and bank manager, Mr. Laban. I fell in love with her. And now we are to be married and live happily ever after. All I can say, ladies and gentlemen, is (*into microphone*) long live love! Long live peace!

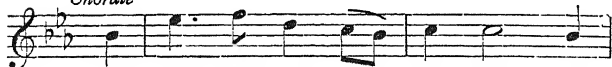
EVERYBODY. Hurrah!

NO MORE PEACE

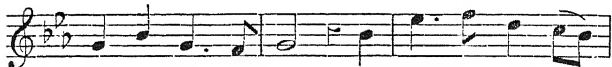
(The Children's choir, under the direction of DAVID,
sing the Peace Song.)

PEACE SONG

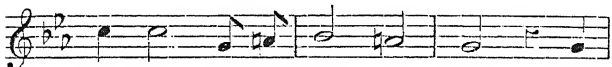
Chorale



We are the new bat - tal - ions, Hu -



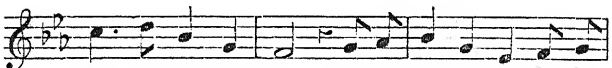
man - i - ty's pol - ice; And love is our com -



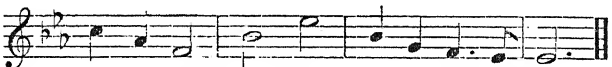
man - der, And his word is Peace. With



heart and soul till we reach our goal, O'er



earth and air and sea, We will sing this song as we



march a - long, March - ing on to vic - to - ry.

We are the new battalions,
Humanity's police;
And love is our commander
And his word is Peace.
With heart and soul
Till we reach our goal,

NO MORE PEACE

O'er earth and air and sea,
We will sing this song
As we march along,
Marching on to victory.

Before our friendly handshake
All anger melts away,
United we go forward
Till victory crowns the day.
With heart and soul
Till we reach our goal,
O'er earth and air and sea,
We will sing this song
As we march along,
Marching on to victory.

LABAN. Now, let us outlaw war with all the people of Europe our witness. To-day marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the world. It is the people's day, the day of the people. The day of peace. Whatever reminds us of war must be sacrificed to peace. Sacrifice! cried the Priests of old. And sacrifice, I cry to-day!

FAT MAN. I sacrifice my service uniform.
(*Throws his coat on the table.*)

NOAH (*aside to JAMES*). How did he manage to keep his uniform clean like that in the trenches?

SAMUEL. He used to be the War Minister.

NOAH. Oh that explains a lot.

LITTLE MAN. I sacrifice my war medals.

THIN MAN. I sacrifice my gas-mask.

DAVID. I sacrifice my war books praising and glorifying war. They have darkened our thoughts and corrupted our hearts. They were cheap books ; they were expensive books !

CAIN. I sacrifice my sword.

LOT. I sacrifice my War Loan.

NOAH (*aside to JAMES*). I am almost beginning to believe.

SAMUEL. Believe what ?

NOAH. That war is a bad business.

LABAN (*seeing NOAH*). Well, Noah, and what are you going to sacrifice ?

SAMUEL. He won't sacrifice anything, Mr. Laban.

LABAN. What ?

NOAH. What can I sacrifice, Mr. Laban ? When I was in the war I got a bullet in my lung, the Doctor stole the bullet to give to his little boy for a souvenir and before I knew where I was he'd pinched one of my lungs as well.

LABAN. Throw the man out !

(*Samuel throws NOAH out.*)

A vulgar fellow.

DAVID. And now, it is your turn, children. Come on. You know what to do.

FIRST CHILD. I sacrifice my lead soldiers.

SECOND CHILD. I sacrifice my water pistol.

BOTH CHILDREN. No more war !

ALL. No more war !

NO MORE PEACE

LABAN. Then let us swear it !

ALL. We swear !

DAVID. Now run away, children.

FIRST CHILD. I want my soldiers.

SECOND CHILD. I want my water pistol.

DAVID. You will be punished for this !

LABAN. Take them away, Samuel.

(SAMUEL takes the children away.)

Ladies and gentlemen, my friends, let us celebrate. The municipality will pay for the drinks. Will you join me at the buffet ?

(DAVID and SAMUEL move table and bench. Dance music. The party moves away from the table upstage towards the buffet. NOAH runs on.)

NOAH. Come on, come on, where's the free drink ?

LABAN. Really, this is very embarrassing. Samuel, throw him out. Properly, this time.

(NOAH is thrown out.)

RACHEL *(to JACOB)*. Were you very nervous, darling ? I thought you spoke beautifully. Much better than the others.

JACOB. I was telling them about you.

(In another group.)

FAT MAN. My dear Laban, your speech was wonderful, electric.

LITTLE MAN. The League of Nations Delegate was feeble compared with you. What oratory !

FAT MAN. One felt that you spoke from the bottom of your heart.

LITTLE MAN. Oratory has nothing to do with brains ; it's a matter of *feeling* !

LABAN. You're too kind.

FAT MAN. Indeed no. All the women were in tears.

THIN MAN. You can regard it as a personal triumph.

LITTLE MAN. But, Mr. Laban, I would like to ask you one question. Why did you make a vow ? One should never make vows about anything !

LABAN. Peace without a vow ? Peace is a serious matter.

LITTLE MAN. That depends on the kind of peace. Everything is relative. Even peace.

FAT MAN. Mr. Laban was certainly not thinking of peace at any price !

LABAN. When may peace be said to cost too much ?

THIN MAN. That's a riddle.

FAT MAN. I love riddles.

LABAN. The answer is, when war is cheaper.
(*Laughter.*)

(*In another group.*)

RACHEL. And will you always speak and think of me ?

JACOB. I love you.

RACHEL. Will you go on loving me even when we're married ?

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JACOB. I'll love you for always.

RACHEL. I feel to-night that if ever you stopped loving me I should die.

(JACOB, *laughing*, takes her to the buffet.)

LABAN (*in the other group*). Speaking as a business man, peace too has its profits, no less than war.

LITTLE MAN. Sometimes.

LABAN. I am not only talking about international peace.

FAT MAN (*laughing*). We can leave peace of mind to the priests and poets. We're business men.

LABAN. No, no, I meant social peace.

LITTLE MAN. Oh, we can keep that all right.

FAT MAN. Yes, but will the workers keep it.

CAIN (*joining them*). Well, gentlemen, I'm against the whole business. I used to be a soldier.

✓ LABAN. If anyone loves peace, Mr. Cain, you ought to.

CAIN. Why? Just because I run a barber's shop? Because my customers are men?

LABAN. Isn't that a good enough reason?

CAIN. Not good enough for me!

LABAN. Ah, you're an idealist, Mr. Cain.

DAVID (*joining them*). What a wonderful day this is! Joy through peace and peace through joy. How did you like my peace song Mr. Laban? The one the children sang?

✓ LABAN. Very nice. A worthy example of your great talents.

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DAVID. Well you know, what I say is that it isn't everyone who could have written that song, Mr. Laban. Talent isn't enough, you know. Character is what you need. Character. You know, I think I might describe myself as a militant pacifist, don't you?

(A great commotion at the door.)

(NOAH bursts in.)

SAMUEL. For God's sake clear out of here!

NOAH. I want my free beer!

LABAN. Put the police on him!

SAMUEL. I'll call the police.

NOAH. Free beer!

SAMUEL. You can't come in here dressed like that.

NOAH. There's free beer for everyone.

SAMUEL. For decent people who work for their living and pay their taxes. But not for the likes of you. So out you go.

(Throws him out.)

CAIN *(drawing RACHEL aside)*. Rachel, I must speak to you.

RACHEL. Well, why don't you?

CAIN. But I must speak to you alone. Come into the garden.

RACHEL. It's too cold in the garden.

CAIN. I shouldn't have thought . . .

RACHEL. That it's cold? But it is.

CAIN. No, that you would be getting married.

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RACHEL. It happens sometimes to girls of my age.

CAIN. I mean that you would marry a foreigner. It has made me very unhappy.

RACHEL. I'm sorry.

CAIN. I'm lonely, and I'm in love ✓

RACHEL. How nice for you !

CAIN. It would be, but . . . Oh, I could be the happiest man alive . . . But—a Dunkelstein girl married to a foreigner . . . !

RACHEL. How can you talk like that, the day before my wedding ?

CAIN. I've loved you for seven years.

RACHEL. And for seven years you've known that I don't love you.

CAIN. What's the matter with me ? Oh, I know, I'm only an ordinary hairdresser.

RACHEL. Cain, you know it isn't that. I just couldn't marry you, that's all.

CAIN. Rachel, please.

RACHEL. I'm sorry, Cain, but there's nothing more I can say. So please leave me.

(CAIN goes.)

(Enter SAMUEL waving a telegram.)

SAMUEL. Mr. Laban, Mr. Laban.

LABAN (*hurrying forward*). What is it ?

SAMUEL. A telegram, sir.

LABAN (*reading it*). My God !

FAT MAN. What's up ?

LABAN. But this is incredible !

LITTLE MAN. Somebody died?

LABAN. Worse than that.

FAT MAN. A slump on the Stock Exchange?

LABAN (*holding up his hand*). Gentlemen!
War has been declared!

ALL. War?

LABAN. In the midst of peace!

THIN MAN. What did I tell you.

FAT MAN. You shouldn't have been in such a hurry to make a peace vow.

LITTLE MAN. Just what I always said. War always breaks out in the midst of peace.

FAT MAN. Well, you know, I never trusted this peace. There has been too much of it.

LABAN. But who would have dreamt of it. Nothing's been happening lately.

LITTLE MAN. That's it, you see. When nothing's happening, something goes and happens.

LABAN. Well, we look a nice lot of fools in the middle of a peace celebration.

LITTLE MAN. On the contrary! We have solemnly recorded our peaceful intention. Now for the first time I appreciate the significance of Peace Day.

FAT MAN (*to Laban*). Who has declared war?

LABAN. It doesn't say.

THIN MAN. Perhaps Spain wants our oil-fields.

FAT MAN. More likely we want Spain's coal-fields.

LITTLE MAN. Or perhaps nobody wants anything. Perhaps we all have too much already.

NO MORE PEACE

FAT MAN. Well, of course, the market's glutted with grain and coal.

LABAN. I suppose I must make this terrible thing known. What will the people say?

LITTLE MAN. You'll find that the first bang is much louder than the voice of the people.

LABAN (*calling*). Samuel.

(SAMUEL *enters*.)

LABAN. Stop the music.

SAMUEL. Yes, sir. (*He goes off. The music stops.*)

FAT MAN. I have important business connections with Singapore. I feel I must leave for Singapore at once.

LITTLE MAN. I must fly immediately to Persia. I am a personal friend of the Shah's, you know.

LABAN. One must do the right thing at the right time.

(*Quartette, LABAN and Three Financiers.*)

FINANCIER'S SONG

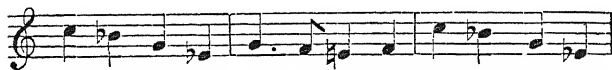
Allegro

When it's time for sav-ing, hold; but do not spare your
neighbour's gold. When it's time for hunt-ing, yield to

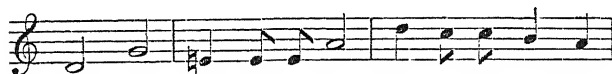
NO MORE PEACE



im - pulse in your neighbour's field. When it's time for



war, re-joice; but say it was your neighbour's choice. When

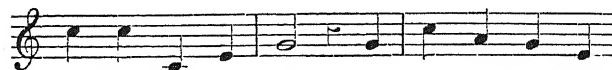


peace comes, though it's a farce, Bear it with pa-tience-

CHORUS



it will pass. For snow falls in De-cem-ber, And



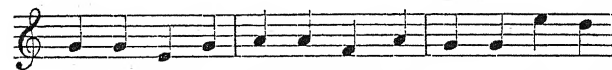
ro - ses bloom in May; And vows will break, re -



- mem-ber, And love is for a day. "The



pro - per thing at the pro - per seas - on"



Is the gold - en rule of reas - on: So be clew - er,



then, and nev - er Give your - self a - way.

NO MORE PEACE

When it's time for saving hold, but do not spare
your neighbour's gold.

When it's time for hunting yield to impulse in
your neighbour's field.

When it's time for war rejoice, but say it was
your neighbour's choice.

When peace comes, though it's a farce, bear it
with patience ; it will pass.

Chorus :

For snow falls in December,

And roses bloom in May

And vows will break, remember,

And love is for a day.

"The proper thing at the proper season"

Is the golden rule of reason ;

So be clever, then, and never

Give yourself away.

When it's time to watch, then see that other men
the watchers be.

When it's time to sleep, then let the rest their
interests forget.

When it's time to haste, let yours be sharp and
cold without remorse.

But when it's time to love, take care and let no
feeling interfere.

Final Chorus :

Yes, Love was meant for pleasure

And Business meant for gain ;

NO MORE PEACE

And who will share his treasure
To cure another's pain?
And the dying—leave them lying!—
Will not rise again.

(After the song the other guests hurry on.)

LABAN. Ladies and Gentlemen, stand firm.
The inconceivable has happened. War has been
declared.

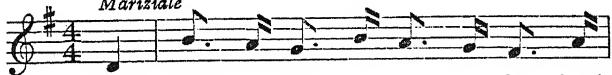
NOAH *(loudly)*. No more war!

LOT. That's a catchword for peace-time. As
the representative of the League of Nations I
must leave at once for Geneva. The citizens of
this city will do their duty. I shall do mine. The
League of Nations will see to it that this war is
the last of all wars. Long live the war to end
war.

THE LAST WAR

[LABAN]

Marziale

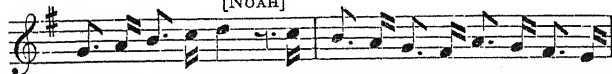


We thought that wars were o - ver, but there's



got to be one more; Our civ - il - is-ing mis-sion is to

[NOAH]



put an end to war. You'll really stop us, won't you, if you've

NO MORE PEACE

[CHORUS]

heard this one be-fore? So pack your kit and
 kiss your girl And answer Hu-man-i-ty's call. This is the
 [LABAN] [NOAH]
 war to end war—The last war real-ly! Or ve-ry
 [CHORUS]
 near-ly, The ve-ry last war of all. . . .

Detailed description: The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains the melody for the chorus, starting with 'heard this one be-fore?'. The second staff continues the melody with 'kiss your girl And answer Hu-man-i-ty's call. This is the'. The third staff features two vocal parts: [LABAN] and [NOAH], with the lyrics 'war to end war—The last war real-ly! Or ve-ry'. The fourth staff continues the chorus with 'near-ly, The ve-ry last war of all. . . .'. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests, as well as dynamic markings like '>' (accent) and a triplet '3' over the final notes of the second staff.

LABAN. We thought that wars were over but
 there's got to be one more,
 Our civilising mission is to put an
 end to war.

NOAH. You'll really stop us, won't you, if
 you've heard this one before?

Chorus :

So pack your kit and kiss your girl
 And answer Humanity's call.
 This is the war to end war,

LABAN. The last war really,

NOAH. Or very nearly,

CHORUS. The very last war of all.

LABAN. There'll be peace the whole world over
 when our peaceful duty's done,

NO MORE PEACE

All bloodshed be abolished when our
battle has been won.

NOAH. 'Cos there won't be any bleeders left
to fire a bleedin' gun.

Chorus :

So pack your kit and kiss your girl
And answer Humanity's call.

This is the war to end war,

LABAN. This is the last war really,

NOAH. Or very nearly,

CHORUS. The very last war of all.

(Loud cheering.)

(LOT shakes hands with LABAN. Exits.)

LABAN. Ladies and Gentlemen, in times of
stress Dunkelstein needs unity of command. The
leadership will be undertaken by the senior officer.

NOAH. Mr. Cain was a corporal, sir.

LABAN. Thank you. Mr. Cain, I call upon
you to assume the Dictatorship in Dunkelstein.
(Into the microphone.) Corporal Cain is in supreme
command. Corporal Cain is our leader.

(Loud cheering.)

RACHEL *(drawing JACOB aside)*. Our wedding
. . . Oh, Jacob !

JACOB. Brazil will keep out of it.

FAT MAN *(drawing LABAN aside)*. Do you
think they will confiscate our money? It's in
the Anglo bank in China.

NO MORE PEACE

DAVID (*hurrying up*). My Peace Song! My beautiful Peace Song!

LITTLE MAN. We must all adapt our businesses to the new conditions. I have been making ploughs. Now I shall make shells.

DAVID. What can I do? I am a poet writing a hymn to peace.

(LABAN goes to join CAIN.)

FAT MAN (*to DAVID*). What does it matter? All you have to do is to write war instead of peace wherever it occurs in the verse.

DAVID. That's true enough. But what about the rhythm?

FAT MAN. Well, you can turn it into a march.

DAVID (*brightening*). A march, but of course, how stupid of me. I'll do it at once.

CAIN (*coming forward to the microphone*). Ladies and Gentlemen (*cheers*). In these difficult times the leadership has fallen on to my shoulders. We have served peace. But the enemy wants war, and the enemy shall have it.

(*Loud cheers.*)

NOAH. Who is the enemy?

(CAIN turns to LABAN. LABAN shakes his head and points to the telegram.)

CAIN (*into the microphone*). The enemy is the hereditary enemy of our land.

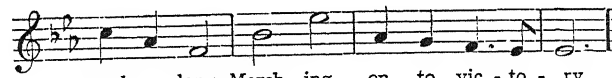
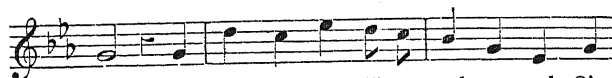
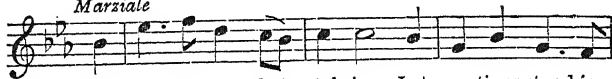
DAVID. My war song!

N O M O R E P E A C E

(The band strikes up. DAVID leads on the children singing the

WAR SONG

Marziale



We are the new battalions,
Let nations stand in awe ;
For pride is our commander,
And his word is war.

With heart and soul
Till we reach our goal,
O'er earth and air and sea,
We will sing this song
As we march along,
Marching on to victory.

NO MORE PEACE

Before our iron greeting
All boasting melts away,
United we go forward
Till victory crowns the day.

With heart and soul
Till we reach our goal,
O'er earth and air and sea,
We will sing this song
As we march along,
Marching on to victory.

CAIN. And now, children, you can play with
your soldiers again.

*(The children grab the box of soldiers and the water-
pistol.)*

(Continues.) And the gentlemen who in ignorance
of the actual situation sacrificed their treasured
souvenirs of war may take them back . . . To
the glory, honour and victory of Dunkelstein.

*(They crowd round table. SAMUEL distributes swords,
etc.)*

And now the medical examination. Fall into
line. Doctor, please.

(Soft musical accompaniment.)

NOAH *(to LABAN)*. Have some strong coffee to
make your heart race.

LABAN. Samuel, four black coffees, please.

NOAH. Make it five.

(*Enter DOCTOR.*)

FAT MAN (*before DOCTOR*). I've only got one leg.

DOCTOR. Observer in bombing plane. A.I.

LITTLE MAN (*to DOCTOR*). I'm blind.

DOCTOR (*to BLIND MAN*). Listening post for enemy air raids. A.I.

(*Declaims.*)

Halt and maimed and deaf and dumb,

Listen to the marching drum.

Cough or cold is no excuse,

Narrow chest or feeble mind ;

What's the harm in being blind ?

Only dead men are no use.

Grandad, father, mother's son,

I will pass you all A.I.

Liar, thief and murderer, come,

Listen to the marching drum.

Victory in battle wins

Public good from private vice ;

Only thought and cowardice

Are the soldier's deadly sins.

Grandad, father, mother's son,

I will pass you all A.I.

FAT MAN. What will become of your jam factory ?

LABAN. It will flourish. Jam is a necessity of war. Samuel, send a telegram to the manager !

He is to buy up immediately all the stocks of fruit and vegetables in the country !

SAMUEL. Very good, sir.

RACHEL (*enters*). Oh, but what about my wedding ?

CAIN. All marriage with foreigners is prohibited !

RACHEL. You forbid my marriage ?

CAIN. I ? What have I got to do with it ?

RACHEL. But that's what you said.

CAIN. I am not myself any more. Nobody is himself any more. It is possible that war will be declared against Mr. Jacob's countrymen. In that event this marriage, if it took place, would be high treason.

RACHEL. I will marry whom I choose.

CAIN. In peace-time yes. This is war-time.

RACHEL. I don't give a damn for your war !

CAIN. Mr. Laban, you are her father . . .

LABAN. You must be reasonable, child.

RACHEL. Is it so unreasonable to obey my heart ?

LABAN. Even in peace-time it is bad business to follow one's heart. In war-time it's sheer bankruptcy.

RACHEL. And yet, hardly an hour ago, you, you yourself were eulogising peace.

LABAN. Not so loud, child.

CAIN. Have some consideration for your father.

RACHEL. Has he any consideration for me ?

Why should something be wrong now that was right a moment ago? Why should a thing be called faithfulness in one breath and treason in the next?

LABAN. Do you want to ruin us all?

RACHEL. I want my happiness.

LABAN. Oh, if only you were a boy!

RACHEL. Would you have preferred a son?

LABAN. Since you ask me, yes!

RACHEL. And you would let him go to war?

LABAN. I should mourn but I should be proud.

RACHEL. Proud? Why proud?

LABAN. Of being his father.

RACHEL (*calls*). Jacob. We must go away at once. To Australia.

JACOB. To Australia?

RACHEL. Where there is peace. Where we can live in peace together.

JACOB. Be sensible, Rachel.

RACHEL. I won't be sensible. What has this war to do with us?

Jacob. But I am liable for military service. What if Brazil and Dunkelstein go to war?

RACHEL. Dunkelstein! Brazil! Here am I, Rachel. There are you, Jacob. I love you. You love me. What has our love got to do with Dunkelstein? What has our love got to do with Brazil?

JACOB. I have to report to my Legation. (*Looks uneasy.*)

NO MORE PEACE

RACHEL. I hate you! All of you! All of you! (*To JACOB.*) You, too!

(*She goes out.*)

(*The others, except CAIN, follow.*)

CAIN (*calling*). Samuel, bring that table.

(*SAMUEL enters.*)

Where is Corporal Noah?

SAMUEL. Outside, sir. He refuses to wear his gas-mask.

CAIN. Bring him in.

(*NOAH enters.*)

(*To NOAH.*) You will be my personal servant! You were a lance-corporal in the last war?

NOAH. It was a misunderstanding, sir.

CAIN. You will enlist at once!

NOAH. Oh no I won't, sir.

CAIN. You won't?

NOAH. That's right, sir, I won't.

CAIN. And why not, may I ask?

NOAH. Because I'm scared, sir.

CAIN. Because you're what?

NOAH. Scared, sir, got the wind up.

CAIN. Are you crazy?

NOAH. I can't stand all this shooting, sir. I'm scared of it.

CAIN. Who has been getting at you? The

Liberals? the Communists? All Liberals and Communists to be arrested!

NOAH. No, I'm just scared. Always was a nervous sort of bloke.

CAIN. I'll have you put in the cells!

NOAH. Until the end of the war, sir?

CAIN. On bread and water.

NOAH. Ah, now you're trying to bribe me!

CAIN. Get out!

NOAH. But you promised to lock me up, sir.

CAIN. Get out.

(SAMUEL *throws* NOAH out.)

NOAH. I'll take it to the courts I will! I'll sue you for breach of promise! I *will* get locked up!

CAIN (*calling*). David!

DAVID (*entering*). Yes, Mr. Cain?

CAIN. Have you served before?

DAVID. I'm sorry, Mr. Cain.

CAIN. Because you have?

DAVID. Because I haven't, Mr. Cain.

CAIN. Stop saying Mr. Cain. Sir, to me, if you please!

DAVID. Very good, sir.

CAIN. Can you write?

DAVID. But, Mr. Ca . . . sir! You know perfectly well I can!

CAIN. I don't know anything.

DAVID. You really shouldn't drink so much, sir.

CAIN. What?!

DAVID. On the first day of war, too!

CAIN. What the devil are you talking about?
Who is drunk?

DAVID. Not me, sir.

CAIN. You mean me?

DAVID. Would you ask such a question if you were sober?

CAIN. I'm asking you a military question.

DAVID. Is this a game?

CAIN. Stop this civilian backchat. Answer as a soldier.

DAVID. Private David begs to report that he can write, sir.

CAIN. What have you done? What are you?

DAVID. I'm a schoolmaster.

CAIN. That's nothing.

DAVID. I am the head of a family. I am an honest citizen. I pay my taxes.

CAIN. That's nothing.

DAVID. It counted for a good deal yesterday.

CAIN. Yesterday! You'll find that different things count to-day. You'll do well to remember that! You've never served as a non-commissioned officer?

DAVID. No, sir.

CAIN. A pity. You are appointed Minister for Propaganda and Enlightenment, and Chief of Counter-espionage, do you hear?

DAVID. Thank you.

CAIN. Don't say thank you. Give the true Dunkelstein salute. Like this. Hail!

DAVID. I thought that was Roman.

CAIN. It's genuine Dunkelstein.

DAVID. Hail!

CAIN. That's too short. Say, Hail, Cain!—
Good!

(Bell. Enter SARAH with dog.)

DAVID. It's that Scots woman, it's Rachel Laban's nurse.

CAIN. Keep her out.

SARAH. Dear Mr. Cain, dear Mr. Cain. I went home. I undressed in the dark as you ordered. I told my Napoleon to lie down. "Lie down, Napoleon," I said, but Napoleon refused to obey me. He always sleeps in my bed . . .

CAIN. Who is this man?

SARAH. Mr. Cain, how dare you? Oh, I've never been so insulted in my life. Napoleon is not a man. Napoleon's my little dog.

CAIN. Oh, a dog?

SARAH. Napoleon simply wouldn't keep quiet. He went on howling fit to touch a heart of stone and then I ran to the window to call for help. Who do you think I saw?

CAIN. Who?

SARAH. A strange man! A spy!

CAIN. Had you heard any unusual noises up to then?

NO MORE PEACE

SARAH. I don't understand.

CAIN. Noises in the air? An aeroplane?

SARAH. Now you mention it, I had.

CAIN. Good, thank you.

(SARAH *exits with dog.*)

(To DAVID.) This spy must be captured. Immediately. Dead or alive.

DAVID. Very good, sir. (*Exit.*)

(SAMUEL *brings in RACHEL.*)

CAIN. Rachel!

(RACHEL *is silent.*)

(To SAMUEL.) What is the charge against the prisoner?

SAMUEL. She ran through the streets distributing copies of the New Testament and shouting, "No more war."

CAIN (*to RACHEL*). That is high treason. Do you realise that?

(RACHEL *is silent.*)

(To SAMUEL.) Loosen those chains.

(SAMUEL *takes off RACHEL's chains.*)

(CAIN *gives a sign and he goes.*)

What have you been doing?

RACHEL. I was only shouting what it says on that placard.

NO MORE PEACE

CAIN. On the placard? (*Calls.*) Samuel. Take that placard away.

SAMUEL. It only needs turning round, sir.

(SAMUEL goes to placard, turns it round so that the phrase displayed is "Long live war.")

RACHEL. God's commandments are not double-tongued.

CAIN. What am I to do with you?

RACHEL. Have me shot, if you've got the courage.

CAIN. Rachel! Stop being foolish.

RACHEL. But I don't suppose you have the courage.

CAIN. You're a child.

RACHEL. As a child I learnt a commandment : "Thou shalt not kill."

CAIN. Rachel, let's forget that you said you could not love me. I'm not poor. Rachel, I love you. I oughtn't to love you after all that has happened. But I do. We can say that you had a nerve storm. Rachel, marry me.

RACHEL. A grovelling dictator! what a sight! Let go, or I shall scream!

CAIN. You insist on your unhappiness?

RACHEL. Your happiness is other people's misery.

CAIN. Samuel.

(SAMUEL leads RACHEL out at a sign from CAIN.)

(DAVID enters.)

DAVID. I have to report that fifty-seven spies have been arrested, sir.

CAIN. Good. The foreigners ?

DAVID. All arrested.

CAIN. Good. Jacob ?

DAVID. Arrested.

CAIN. Good.

DAVID. One spy has taken refuge in the corn-fields outside the town.

CAIN. Have the fields been searched ?

DAVID. I have given orders for them all to be burnt. They will be sprayed with petrol and set on fire.

CAIN. The fire-brigade must see that nobody tries to extinguish the flames !

(Declaiming.)

Are you living in the city all your dreary little life

In a dreary little office, with a dreary little wife ?
I will give you flags and banners and processions
and a band

You shall march in step together, you shall feel
just grand.

For I am the simple answer
To the man's and maiden's prayer,
I am the spring in the desert
I am the song in the air,
The clue to history,
I am the Mystery,
I am the Miracle Man.

Are you feeling sick and frightened, though you
cannot tell of what?

Does something hurt you somewhere but you
cannot find the spot?

Are you feeling full of hatred, of resentment and
of shame?

I will show you who to punish, I will show you
who's to blame.

For I am the simple answer
To the man's and maiden's prayer,
I am the spring in the desert
I am the song in the air,
The clue to history,
I am the Mystery,
I am the Miracle Man.

Or has reading made your head ache, and does
thinking give you pain?

If you'll trust me and obey me, you need never
think again.

Is it hard to make decisions, to distinguish right
from wrong?

Let me make your choices for you : you'll be
free the whole day long.

For I am the simple answer
To the man's and maiden's prayer,
I am the spring in the desert
I am the song in the air,
The clue to history,

NO MORE PEACE

I am the Mystery,
I am the Miracle Man.

Is there no one really loves you, are you feeling
all alone,
Have you no one you can care for, or can look
on as your own?
Then I will be your father, your lover, child and
friend,
Yes, I will be your favourite, you may love me
to the end.

For I am the simple answer
To the man's and maiden's prayer,
I am the spring in the desert
I am the song in the air,
The clue to history,
I am the Mystery,
I am the Miracle Man.

I will give you friends to die for, I will give you
foes to kill,
I will give you back your honour and your unity
of will,
The old heroic virtues and the large triumphal
hour
I will give you back the kingdom and the glory
and the power.

For I am the simple answer
To the man's and maiden's prayer,

NO MORE PEACE

I am the spring in the desert
I am the song in the air,
The clue to history,
I am the Mystery,
I am the Miracle Man.

BLACK OUT.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

Olympus.

NAPOLEON. Child . . . what's your name?
. . . I always forget your name.

ANGEL. Angels like us don't have names, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. No names? Don't you mind?

ANGEL. It's the will of God, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. And you are happy?

ANGEL. I'm blessed, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. Incomprehensible! What is glory without a name?

ANGEL. Glory belongs to God alone, and God is nameless.

NAPOLEON. My dear girl, when there is only one of you, it is easy enough to be nameless.

(Heavy thunder.)

ANGEL *(pointing aloft)*. Your Majesty!

NAPOLEON. Don't you worry about me. As a boy of ten I used to dream of posterity remembering my name. The history of Europe would be pretty dull without ambition or lust for

glory. The Bourbon would still be on the throne of France. The Battle of the Pyramids would never have been won. Jena would be a town chiefly notable as the birthplace of a German poet called Schiller.

ANGEL. And children would never have heard of Waterloo.

NAPOLEON (*indignantly*). You are English?

ANGEL. Nearly all the staff are English, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. Mon Dieu!—Non angeli sed angelici—ah?

(*More thunder.*)

I beg your pardon. Tell me, dear, when you were on earth, what did you do?

ANGEL. I've really forgotten. After all, the earth is only a stage on the way.

NAPOLEON. And you're absolutely happy? You desire nothing more?

ANGEL. Well . . . er . . .

NAPOLEON. Aha!

ANGEL. Yes, I have one desire.

NAPOLEON. For a name?

ANGEL. I arrived in heaven in the year 1100. In those days, you know, everybody wore very large wings, like these. If only I could have small, modern wings I should be absolutely happy. I should ask for nothing more.

(*Telephone rings.*)

Excuse me.

NO MORE PEACE

(Enter ST. FRANCIS.)

ST. FRANCIS. Ah, good evening.

NAPOLEON. Good evening, Francis.

ST. FRANCIS. How hot it is! How smoky!

NAPOLEON. The Dunkelsteiners are burning down their cornfields. In my time, it was the enemy who destroyed one's crops. Strategy has changed.

ST. FRANCIS. But this is terrible! To destroy God's bread!

NAPOLEON. That happens often enough in peace-time. Bread is cheap! It is not called God's bread any more.

ST. FRANCIS. And yet thousands starve every year. (*Looks over edge.*) Do you know, I believe the fire-brigade is stopping the people who are extinguishing the flames.

NAPOLEON (*looking too*). There you are. The war's in full swing. They're having the hell of a time.

ST. FRANCIS. Wait. The people will soon come to their senses.

NAPOLEON. Nonsense. You've lost your bet.

ST. FRANCIS. I have committed a more deadly sin. I have unleashed the dark forces of the human soul.

NAPOLEON. And look. The only real pacifist, a girl, is in prison. See?

ST. FRANCIS. Poor child.

NAPOLEON. A simple-minded pacifist. A pacifist for love.

ST. FRANCIS. And what do you know of the power of love?

NAPOLEON. They'll shoot Rachel. And they'll shoot this man Jacob. And then they'll shoot all the spies.

ST. FRANCIS. But they are innocent!

NAPOLEON. This is a war, my dear Francis. In war, there is no question of guilt. One shoots as a matter of expedience. Shootings stimulate the morale!

ST. FRANCIS. Then there's only one thing to do. We must contradict your bogus telegram.

NAPOLEON. It doesn't matter a damn that it was bogus. People believe things not because they're true, but because they want to believe them. Truth is a luxury; it is only a handful of discontented intellectuals who fight for truth.

ST. FRANCIS. The number doesn't matter. Whoever is in possession of the truth is invincible. The mind is greater than force.

NAPOLEON. But people *like* force.

ST. FRANCIS. No. People love freedom.

NAPOLEON. Not even the illusion of freedom. They like to feel a strong hand, and they like to leave their politics to their leaders.

ST. FRANCIS. My dear friend, you must not forget that this is an age of democracy.

NAPOLEON. Democracy—pah! The rule of

the mediocre ! People want heroes, and if they don't have any heroes, they invent them.

ST. FRANCIS. I've heard something of this. To-day I believe they call it Fascism.

NAPOLEON. All the great men of history have acted on that theory.

ST. FRANCIS. Who dares say such men are great ?

NAPOLEON. The world they live in, and posterity.

ST. FRANCIS. And what is the world they live in ?

NAPOLEON. Public opinion.

ST. FRANCIS. Your own public opinion was a newspaper called the *Moniteur*, run by a policeman called Fouché. And what is posterity ?

NAPOLEON. History books.

ST. FRANCIS. History books are merely the publicity agents of the conquerors ! The defeated are silent. . . . Great men are mankind's misfortune, or so it seems to me.

NAPOLEON. And little men their fortune ?

ST. FRANCIS. The poorest of the poor who sow and never reap. What will happen to them ?

NAPOLEON. Well, in Dunkelstein, the munition workers have dared to go on strike. One in every ten has been arrested. They will be court-martialed and shot.

ST. FRANCIS. But no just judge could possibly find them guilty.

NAPOLEON. Justice is a servant of the state. The judges are officials of the state.

ST. FRANCIS. Then something must be done. Immediately! We must send the wisest of all men down to earth. If the people are incapable of recognising goodness for themselves he must lead them to it. (*To ANGEL.*) Would you get me Socrates?

ANGEL (*at telephone*). One moment, please.

ST. FRANCIS. Socrates could do it.

NAPOLEON. I doubt it.

ANGEL (*at telephone*). Socrates is here.

(*ST. FRANCIS goes to telephone.*)

NAPOLEON (*to ANGEL*). In Paris, you know, the women have very smart wings. Even if they aren't angels.

ANGEL. You don't say so.

NAPOLEON. Indeed I do. Why, in the old days, I used to know an actress who wore wings of pleated Chinese silk, delicate gold thread embroidery in the middle. Ah . . .

ANGEL. Oh, Your Majesty . . .

ST. FRANCIS (*at telephone*). God be praised! Socrates is ready. The power of his word is greater than the sword. He is coming up on the next lift.

NAPOLEON. Umph. As far as I can remember they poisoned the old man last time he was on earth.

ST. FRANCIS. They won't this time.

(SOCRATES *arrives, rather breathless.*)

Ah, how-do-you-do, Socrates? So good of you to come.

SOCRATES. Not at all, but I wish the lifts didn't go so fast. I feel that I'm only half here.

ST. FRANCIS. You know Napoleon.

SOCRATES. Certainly, certainly. How-do-you-do?

ST. FRANCIS. We asked you to come and get us out of a little trouble that we've got ourselves into. (*Taking him to the edge.*) You see this little place down here. Dunkelstein it's called . . .

SOCRATES. Dunkelstein, yes . . .

ST. FRANCIS. Well, you see, Napoleon, by way of a joke . . .

NAPOLEON. Nonsense. I did it quite deliberately.

ST. FRANCIS. Well, never mind, anyhow it's done. Napoleon sent a telegram, you see, to say there was a war, and so, you see, there is one.

SOCRATES. Ah, cause and effect.

NAPOLEON. And a very nice one, too.

SOCRATES. Yes, I see. They're shooting each other.

NAPOLEON. Freely and indiscriminately.

ST. FRANCIS. And our idea was that you should go down and reason with them.

NAPOLEON. Which won't do much good.

ST. FRANCIS. But might stop the bloodshed.

SOCRATES. I see. You feel that reason properly applied might stop bloodshed.

ST. FRANCIS. It's a possibility.

SOCRATES. Certainly. I flatter myself that I'm rather good at reasoning.

NAPOLEON. That's why we sent for you.

SOCRATES. It's so very long since I had a chance to try my skill. Everything is so very reasonable up here, don't you think . . . ?

NAPOLEON. Much too reasonable.

SOCRATES. Oh, no that could never be. Still, I feel it would be an opportunity for me to show what I could do.

ST. FRANCIS. Then you'll go?

SOCRATES. Certainly.

ST. FRANCIS. Thank God, thank God. Take care of yourself.

SOCRATES. I shall be all right if the lifts . . .
(Exit.)

NAPOLEON (*reading*). What an insult.

ST. FRANCIS. What was that?

NAPOLEON. An insult, I said. This story of a woman and her dog.

ST. FRANCIS. I love animal stories.

NAPOLEON. But this woman called her horrid little dog Napoleon.

ST. FRANCIS. How touching.

NAPOLEON. In my time it was usual to call the eldest son Napoleon.

ST. FRANCIS. What have you against dogs? Aren't they honest and affectionate animals?

NO MORE PEACE

Deeply devoted to mankind? Why, I often used to wish they'd call the donkey, that gentle, modest creature with the most beautiful eyes in the world—I used to wish they'd call it Francis after me.

BLACK OUT.

SCENE 2

Prison Cell.

(JACOB is striding up and down the cell. Sirens are heard. Cries from outside.)

Gas! Gas! Gas! Take cover! Take cover!
Lights out! Lights out!

(The light in the cell is extinguished, the door is unlocked.)

VOICE. In you go. There's another one to be shot in there!

(RACHEL enters.)

JACOB. Who is that?

(Silence.)

Stop, or I . . .

RACHEL. Don't shoot, please.

JACOB. It's murder.

RACHEL. It is terrible to die in the dark.

JACOB. The executioner is sympathetic?

RACHEL. I am so young. It is terrible to die so young.

NO MORE PEACE

JACOB. Who are you?

RACHEL. I loved a man. The love of man is a lie. We soar heavenwards and fall back into hell. I loved peace. I believed the men who talked of peace. Peace is the greatest lie of all.

(The light goes on.)

JACOB. Rachel!

RACHEL. Don't touch me.

JACOB. I am Jacob.

RACHEL. Jacob is a name for a man. Jacob is a lie.

JACOB. She is out of her mind.

RACHEL. Why didn't I believe in stones, in animals, in flowers? It is good to love flowers. They are what they seem; they seem to be what they are. In the morning when they awake and the silent dew falls on the velvet petals, in the evening when they sleep in glimmering twilight. . . . Only man disturbs their peace.

JACOB. Rachel, Rachel, don't you know me?

RACHEL. Tell me that you are a stone and I will love you.

JACOB. Rachel! Rachel!

RACHEL. Oh, Jacob, why have you betrayed me?

JACOB. I have not betrayed you.

RACHEL. What is love that kills when it should warm the heart? You are a man. Put on your uniform and go to war. Shoot! Shoot my

father down ! Shoot me down ! Yesterday it would have been murder ; to-day it is your duty. Go and be a hero, but never again tell a girl that you love her.

JACOB. Oh, why have they sent you here to poison my last hours ?

RACHEL. I am what you are, a prisoner.

JACOB. *You* have been arrested ?

RACHEL. Because I believed in their words. There ought to be a new law ; whoever believes words shall be punished with death.

JACOB. They'll keep you here for a few hours and then let you go free.

RACHEL. Yes, Jacob ?

(The door is unbolted, enter a DOCTOR. Behind him is NOAH, unrecognisable behind his turned-up coat collar. NOAH hides himself.)

DOCTOR. Miss Rachel.

RACHEL. I am ready.

DOCTOR. You were very nervy as a child, weren't you ?

RACHEL. Who are you ?

DOCTOR. The doctor.

RACHEL. Do those about to die need doctors ?

DOCTOR. I have come to examine you.

RACHEL. Does the law insist on that ?

DOCTOR. It is a special privilege.

RACHEL. Granted by Mr. Cain ?

DOCTOR. Because you are Mr. Laban's daughter.

RACHEL. Is treason no longer treason if one is Laban's daughter?

DOCTOR. Well, it makes a difference.

RACHEL. I understand. You have to certify me mad?

DOCTOR. There can be no pardon without law.

RACHEL. And no law without a lie! Are you to certify Mr. Jacob, too?

DOCTOR. There can be no doubt about Mr. Jacob's sanity.

RACHEL. Then tell Mr. Cain that there can be no doubt about mine either. Nobody knows that better than he.

JACOB. Doctor, she *is* out of her mind.

RACHEL. I am not out of my mind. Go away!

(Exit DOCTOR.)

JACOB (*embracing* RACHEL). Rachel!

RACHEL. Is it not better to die than to kill?

JACOB. I was a coward, a coward.

RACHEL. It was dark, and because it was dark you were afraid, and you thought I was the executioner. You were afraid, Jacob. I am glad you were afraid. You must not be afraid of your fear. Isn't it human to be afraid?

JACOB. I was afraid. I thought they were going to shoot me.

RACHEL. But now it is light and you have no fear.

NO MORE PEACE

JACOB. Oh, why didn't you save yourself just now? Why must we both die?

RACHEL. Somewhere there must be peace. If not, how could we dream of it? Death is not a lie, Jacob.

JACOB. Rachel!

(NOAH *approaches.*)

NOAH. It's all right. It's only me.

RACHEL. Have you been arrested, too?

NOAH. Not by them.

RACHEL. Who by then?

NOAH. Well, I arrested myself, as you might say. You see, Miss, I ought to be at the front but I didn't want to go. So I hid myself in the cornfields because it was safe there, you see, and warm. Then the fools burnt the cornfields. Well, what could I do? What's the safest place in a war? Prison, of course. So I just locked myself up. I am only an old fool. . . . And you two are going to be shot, are you?

RACHEL. Yes, Noah.

NOAH. Ah, death comes early enough without you looking for it. Well, well. They won't keep you here long. They'll take you to the condemned cell. A bad name for a nice warm cell. And from the condemned cell the passage leads to . . . Sshh! Someone's coming.

(*Hides himself.* WARDER *enters.*)

WARDER. Jacob! Rachel! You are to be

NO MORE PEACE

taken to another cell. Is there anything you would particularly like for your last dinner? I can get you roast chicken from the pub across the road. I know the landlady. It's very good, *and* cheap! Come on!

(*Takes them out. For a few seconds the cell is empty.*
NOAH sings.)

NOAH'S SONG

Allegro



"Since Man out of Mon - key came," Cried the
Cow to the Man - in - the - Moon, "E -
- qual - i - ty is not for him; And since he is
half di - vine, E - ver must his heart in - cline To
parlando
pea-cocks, jew - els, wo - men, wine; And who
sups with the De - vil must have a long spoon."

"Since Man out of Monkey came,"

Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon.

"Equality is not for him ;

And since he is half divine

Ever must his heart incline

To peacocks, jewels, women, wine ;

And who sups with the Devil must have a long
spoon."

"Fortune by her fancies led,"

Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon.

"Brings strange gifts to the marriage bed ;

Some get failure, some success,

He that hath, him she will bless,

And he that hath not shall have less,

And who sups with the Devil must have a long
spoon."

"One in rags and vermin must,"

Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon.

"Come empty-fisted to the dust ;

While another through the land

Rides with rings upon his hand ;

For some must kneel and some may stand,

And who sups with the Devil must have a long
spoon."

"Singers are more loved than saints,"

Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon.

"And the Good God dislikes complaints ;

Who dare grumble if the Law

Spare the rich and take the poor
And two and two add up to four,
And who sups with the Devil must have a long
spoon ? ”

(WARDER *comes back with* SOCRATES.)

WARDER. In you go, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Before you go, my friend, I want to ask you a question. All we know is that we know nothing. Right. Then how do we know that there's a war ?

WARDER (*tapping his forehead*). Poor fellow.

(WARDER *goes*.)

NOAH (*coming out*). Well, do you know the answer to that one ?

SOCRATES. I know that I know nothing.

NOAH. Perhaps that there door knows better. When it opens for us it'll be peace, but while it's locked it's war.

SOCRATES. Very compelling logic, but it won't hold water. A locked door says to itself that it has been locked for one of two reasons, (a) accidentally, or (b) intentionally. Excluding accident for the sake of argument, let us suppose that this door is locked intentionally. The intention behind it may be (a) good, or (b) bad. The warder who brought me here and locked the door is obeying an order. His intentions are good. The man who gave the order, however, thought that I was a spy. So his intentions were . . . ?

NOAH. Just as good as the other bloke's.

SOCRATES. Oh. So I have no grounds for complaint.

NOAH. All right, but in that case, you'll have to be grateful to the firing squad.

SOCRATES. Don't you think that's going too far?

NOAH. Why? They'll shoot you with the best intentions in the world.

SOCRATES. But, don't you see, they have no *right* to do anything of the kind.

NOAH. Why not? They are only obeying the Judge who condemned you, also with the best intentions. You have really no grounds for complaint at all, old man.

SOCRATES. Hm . . . Well, tell me, what are you complaining about?

NOAH. Who says I'm grumbling?

SOCRATES. The majority of criminals regard themselves as innocent.

NOAH. Who says I'm a criminal?

SOCRATES. Well, there you are. You regard yourself as innocent then?

NOAH. Look here, I'd like to ask you a riddle.

SOCRATES. By all means.

NOAH. When everyone's in clover, everyone has enough to eat.

SOCRATES. Certainly.

NOAH. Well, is everyone in clover in war-time?

SOCRATES. No. So far it has never been known to happen.

NOAH. Then is everyone in clover in peacetime?

SOCRATES. No.

NOAH. Then what is the difference between war and peace?

SOCRATES. Well, *everyone* can't be in clover either in war or in peace.

NOAH. Yet, in both war-time and peace, there's just as much clover growing.

SOCRATES. But your conclusion seems to me to be the contradiction of all reason.

NOAH. Why? What it proves is that some people are in clover in war-time and some in peace. But the some in war and the some in peace are always the same some!

SOCRATES. Well, who are the unlucky ones?

NOAH. All the rest of us. The ones who don't spend their time eating roast beef.

SOCRATES. How do they spend their time?

NOAH. They think.

SOCRATES. How nice. And what are their conclusions?

NOAH. They see that for them even in peace there is always war.

SOCRATES. Very materialistic.

NOAH. But very wise.

SOCRATES. May I ask your name, sir?

NOAH. Certainly. Noah. And what's yours?

SOCRATES. Mr. Socrates.

NO MORE PEACE

NOAH. What? Old Socrates? What are you doing here?

SOCRATES. Well, first they took me for a lunatic, then they decided I was a spy, condemned me to death and here I am.

NOAH. Well, you see where your reason gets you.

SOCRATES. Precisely where yours has got you. Still, I should like to be your pupil. Old Socrates still has something to learn.

DUET (Socrates and Noah)

[SOCRATES]
Andante (like a hymn)

By the E-ter-nal Wisdom moved, The stars of hea-ven

[NOAH]
Allegro (like a fox-trot)

turn. The Wis-dom of this world, my friend, Is

[SOCRATES]
Andante

what you have to learn. What great phi-lo-so-phers de-

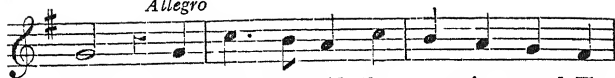
-clared Now Tom and Dick be-lieve, And

straight and crooked are the same, For all is rel-a-

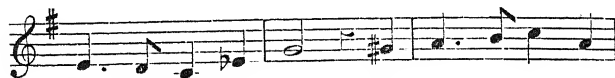
NO MORE PEACE

[NOAH]

Allegro

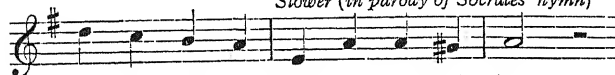


- tive. Since bish - ops told the ga - ping crowd The



poor will go a - bove, Now Tom and Dick do

Slower (in parody of Socrates' hymn)



not ex - pect An earth - ly life of love.

[SOCRATES]

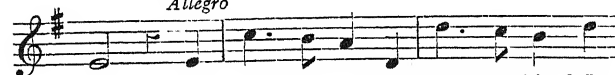
Andante



By the E - ter - nal Wisdom moved, The stars of hea - ven

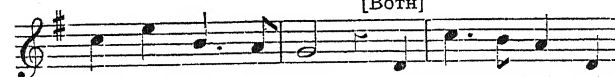
[NOAH]

Allegro



turn. The Wis - dom of this world, my friend, Is

[BOTH]



what you have to learn. The Wis - dom of this

rit. . molto



world, my friend, Is what we have to learn.

SOCRATES. By the Eternal Wisdom moved,
The stars of heaven turn.

NO MORE PEACE

NOAH. The Wisdom of this world, my
friend,
Is what you have to learn.

SOCRATES. What great philosophers declared
Now Tom and Dick believe,
And straight and crooked are the
same

For all is relative.

NOAH. Since Bishops told the gaping crowd
The poor will go above,
Now Tom and Dick do not expect
An earthly life of love.

SOCRATES. By the Eternal Wisdom moved,
The stars of heaven turn.

NOAH. The wisdom of this world, my
friend,
Is what you have to learn.

SOCRATES. } The Wisdom of this world, my
friend,
NOAH. } Is what we have to learn.

SCENE 3

Olympus.

(*NAPOLEON with telescope when ST. FRANCIS arrives.*)

ST. FRANCIS. I've been looking for you all
over heaven. Where have you been?

NAPOLEON. Playing darts with the Duke of
Wellington. I won.

ST. FRANCIS. Well, the most dreadful things are happening on the earth. Everyone's quite crazy. First they put Socrates in prison. Now they have condemned Rachel and Jacob to death and the poor children are to die in an hour's time.

NAPOLEON. Nasty death, for treason.

ST. FRANCIS. In this case the hero's death, my friend. Still we must do something to stop it. *We* are guilty, we alone. Ah, God, what have I done? Playing with good is bad enough but I played with evil . . .

NAPOLEON. What are you going to do?

ST. FRANCIS. I don't know. I asked the Almighty's private secretary to arrange an audience for me.

NAPOLEON. Well . . . ?

ST. FRANCIS. And he sent a message to say that against the stupidity of mankind God himself must fight in vain.

NAPOLEON. War itself is the only thing to end war. In a mess like this we should call in the ex-soldiers. We have some brilliant strategists here—Alexander, Cæsar, Genghiz Khan. I suppose that I should take the supreme command.

ST. FRANCIS. I'll have no new war, if you please! All that is needed is the truth. Contradict that telegram of yours at once.

NAPOLEON. I can't do that.

ST. FRANCIS. Why not?

NO MORE PEACE

NAPOLEON. It would be the first time in history for an official telegram to be contradicted.

ST. FRANCIS. An official lie, you mean.

NAPOLEON. What's the odds? All that is needed to turn a lie into the truth is to give it official support.

ST. FRANCIS. Napoleon, if you have any friendship for me, telegraph to Dunkelstein the simple, naked, human truth.

NAPOLEON. Very well! But I warn you . . .

(Enter SOCRATES.)

Here comes Socrates.

ST. FRANCIS. My dear Socrates, I am very upset.

SOCRATES. My dear Francis, I am so sorry I could not help you. I was out of practice and not up to the job.

NAPOLEON. In war-time the voice of Reason is the voice of High Treason and defeatism. I myself, my dear Socrates, would have stood you up against a wall at once. . . . Tell me, why did you vanish from the prison.

SOCRATES. Because I was afraid of having to drink a second cup of hemlock.

NAPOLEON. But when you were condemned to death in Greece so long ago, you were, if you will forgive my saying so, somewhat braver.

SOCRATES. My dear Napoleon, I was not.

NAPOLEON. But for two thousand years the children have been taught to regard you as one

of the finest examples of bravery in the face of death.

SOCRATES. All a myth. Only unimaginative people have no fear. Right up till the last moment I hoped that the Athenians would relieve me. I played a part. I pretended that I was brave and that I despised death, but only so long as my friends were there. When I was left alone in my cell I fell on my knees and implored the gods to have mercy.

NAPOLEON. That's very interesting.

FRANCIS. But why did you play this part?

SOCRATES. Out of vanity.

NAPOLEON. Why didn't you pray for pardon?

SOCRATES. Vanity.

NAPOLEON. Were you afraid of what the Athenians would have to say about you?

SOCRATES. No, I was afraid of my own wife, Xanthippe. She never would believe that I was wise, would not even believe that I was a man. I wanted to prove to her that I was a man.

NAPOLEON. And did you?

SOCRATES. No. She declared that my death only proved that she'd been right all along. That I had remained an idiot to the last bitter moment. And it was bitter, very bitter—believe me. One month after my death she married a butcher. . . . Now, do you mind if I ask you a question, my dear Napoleon? You said that you would lead your troops to victory or die: yet

NO MORE PEACE

after the Russian disaster, you fled. Can you tell me why?

NAPOLEON. Out of bravery. A simple soldier has the glorious privilege of dying for his country; an Emperor has the more bitter duty of continuing to live.

SOCRATES (*ironically*). I understand.

NAPOLEON (*angrily*). You don't understand anything.

SOCRATES. Perhaps I don't.

ST. FRANCIS. Please, please, my friends, we must have peace in Olympus if nowhere else. Let us consider how we are going to restore peace on earth.

NAPOLEON. Reason has failed to do so, at any rate.

SOCRATES. No, it was not Reason's fault, it was mine.

NAPOLEON (*sarcastically*). Perhaps you would like to try again.

SOCRATES. Willingly.

ST. FRANCIS. I should be so grateful to you if you would.

NAPOLEON. Give him another chance.

SOCRATES. I am quite ready to return to Earth.

ST. FRANCIS. But won't he be arrested at once?

NAPOLEON. Naturally he could not return as Socrates. He must go as someone else.

ST. FRANCIS. But as whom?

NAPOLEON. Well . . . as a general, for example.

SOCRATES. Do people believe in the reason of generals?

ST. FRANCIS. I've got an idea. How would it do if he were to go as the President of the League of Nations Union?

(ST. FRANCIS *sighs*.)

SOCRATES. How would it do if I offered him the Nobel Peace Prize?

NAPOLEON. That's not a bad idea. What opportunities these modern dictators have!

ST. FRANCIS. Do what you feel best, my dear Socrates. You'd better go to the Celestial Tailor and get him to fit you out in tails and a top-hat. And fly at once to earth. (*To ANGEL.*) When does the next Air Express leave for Earth?

NAPOLEON. In twenty minutes or so.

ST. FRANCIS. Then you'll have to hurry.

NAPOLEON. Well, good luck, but I bet you fail again.

(*Exit* SOCRATES.)

What will we do if they lock him up again?

ST. FRANCIS. There still remains a telegram telling the truth.

(*Exeunt.*)

ANGEL. Trunks, please. Hello, trunks? This is Many Mansions 5563 speaking. I want a

NO MORE PEACE

personal call to Mr. Laban in the city of Dunkelstein. (*Business of wings.*) Hello, trunks? Yes. Mr. Laban, Dunkelstein. What! The lines to D. are cut? Oh, can't you make a special effort for me. Yes, I'll hold on. Hello, what's that? Who? The Archbishop of Canterbury. Yes, Your Grace—No, Your Grace—if you're wanting fine weather for the week-end you need St. Peter's Department, Pearly Gates 7560. No, Your Grace, I can't. Please clear the line, I'm in the middle of an important trunk call. Thank you—hello, Dunkelstein? Thank Heaven, at last. Mr. Laban? Angel 1100 speaking. You want to save your daughter, don't you, Mr. Laban? Yes, well I can tell you something—I can tell you something that will save your daughter if you in return, Mr. Laban, will do something, just a little thing, very easy, hardly any trouble to you at all—I can save your daughter, Mr. Laban, if you'll just do something for me. . . .

BLACK OUT.

NO MORE PEACE

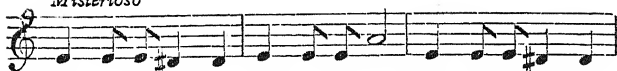
SCENE 4

Dunkelstein.

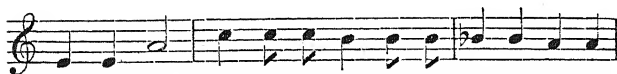
LABAN, FAT MAN, THIN MAN, LITTLE MAN
(singing).

SPY SONG

Misterioso



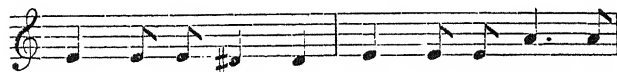
Spies in the bedroom, spies on the roof, Spies in the bathroom,



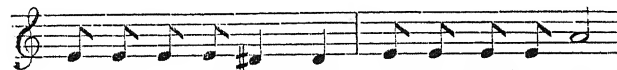
we've got proof. Spies on the lawn where the shadows har-den,



Spies be-hind the gooseberries in the kit-chen gar-den.



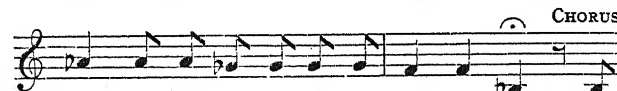
Spies at the front door, spies at the back, And



hid-ing in the coat-stand un-der-neath a mac.



Spies in the cup-board, un-der the stairs,



Spies in the cel-lar, they've been there for years. Take

NO MORE PEACE

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'care, take care! Be-ware, be-ware! You' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values. The lyrics 'nev-er know, You nev-er know. Ee-na, mee-na,' are written below it. The third staff features a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking above the notes. The lyrics 'mi-na, mo, You're a Spy, so out you go.' are written below. The piece ends with a double bar line.

care, take care! Be-ware, be-ware! You

nev-er know, You nev-er know. Ee-na, mee-na,

rit.
mi-na, mo, You're a Spy, so out you go.

Spies in the bedroom, spies on the roof,
 Spies in the bathroom, we've got proof.
 Spies on the lawn where the shadows harden,
 Spies behind the gooseberries in the kitchen
 garden,
 Spies at the front door, spies at the back,
 And hiding in the coat-stand underneath a mac.
 Spies in the cupboard under the stairs,
 Spies in the cellar, they've been there for years.

Take care, take care !
 Beware, beware !
 You never know,
 You never know.
 Eena, meena, mina, mo,
 You're a spy, so out you go.

Beware of people you meet in the road ;
 Beware of letters, they may be in code.

Beware of poison in the sugar cube,
 Beware of your neighbour in the crowded tube.
 Beware of brown eyes, and beware of blue ;
 Look behind you, behind you, they're watching
 you.

And keep a sharp pair of eyes in your head,
 Look behind the curtain and under your bed.

Take care, take care !
 Beware, beware !
 You never know,
 You never know.
 Eena, meena, mina, mo,
 You're a spy, so out you go.

Plus fours, shorts or fishing hats,
 Or nurses' uniforms or spats,
 Disguised as postmen or as caddies,
 Disguised in kilts as hieland laddies,
 Gardeners, income tax assessors,
 Geological professors,
 Disguised as white-haired country rectors,
 Disguised as sanitary inspectors.

Take care, take care !
 Beware, beware !
 You never know,
 You never know.
 Eena, meena, mina, mo,
 You're a spy, so out you go.

There's a signal in the waving of the guard's green
flag,

There's a signal in the dropping of the lady's bag,
Signals in the track that the steam-roller leaves,
Signals in the web that the spider weaves,
Signals in the turning of the weather-cock,
Signals in the squeaking of the rusty lock,
Signals in the layout of the flowers at Kew,
And signals in the features of the monkeys at the
Zoo.

Take care, take care !

Beware, beware !

You never know,

You never know.

Eena, meena, mina, mo,

You're a spy, so out you go.

(At end of song enter DAVID and CAIN R.)

DAVID. You know, I don't believe Socrates is
mad at all. We should lay down our arms, he
says, then there would be peace. A simple recipe !

CAIN. Too simple. A man who prefaces
every sentence with the phrase, "I know that I
know nothing," must be a lunatic.

DAVID. I think he's putting it on.

CAIN. Why do you think that ?

DAVID. A lunatic usually shows some traces
of reason. This Socrates has not spoken one
single reasonable sentence.

CAIN. Who do you think the man is ?

DAVID. Some spy with a secret mission.

CAIN. Have him shot. . . . Was that spy in the cornfield ever caught?

DAVID. He disappeared without a trace.

CAIN. Go on with the search. Has Noah been found?

DAVID. He's disappeared into the blue, too.

CAIN. Samuel !

(SAMUEL *enters* R.)

Send in the gentleman from the War Ministry.

SAMUEL. Pardon, Excellency, but there's a woman outside who won't go away.

CAIN. Who is she?

SAMUEL. Rachel Laban's Nurse.

(SARAH *enters* R.)

SARAH. Where have you hidden my child?

DAVID. That is a secret of State.

SARAH. I wasn't talking to you. Who are you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, running round like a cat on hot bricks?

DAVID. I'm the Minister for Propaganda and Enlightenment.

SARAH. Would you believe it? A dirty Dom-inie! Very brave when you are drunk!

DAVID. The Commandant is working, he cannot receive you.

SARAH. Can't receive me? Me?! I've known Mr. Cain since he wore napkins and couldn't speak a word—

NO MORE PEACE

SAMUEL. Shall I put her out?

(SARAH *pushes him back.*)

SARAH. Take that for your impudence. (To CAIN.) I want to know where you've hidden my Rachel.

CAIN. Rachel is beyond all help, even yours.

SARAH. Beyond my help? If I can't help her who can? I've carried her at my breast. I've played with her, cried with her. I was sick with her when she was sick. I got better when she got better. What have you done with my Rachel? you dirty kidnapper.

(CAIN *is silent.*)

DAVID. She'd talk the hind-leg off a donkey.

SARAH. Have you . . . killed her? Then God have mercy on your soul! Send me to the scaffold, too, for if she's dead there can be nothing for me but death. My husband was killed in the last war, and my son. My husband and my son. She was all I had.

(SARAH *weeps.* LABAN *enters and goes to bench R.*)

CAIN. And here's the broken father! You take him on, David, I can't stand these scenes.

LABAN. My daughter, my daughter. Mr. Cain, I implore you . . . You can't kill an innocent child.

(*Telephone.* DAVID *answers.*)

DAVID. Yes—it's for you, Mr. Laban.

LABAN. For me?

DAVID. Yes, a trunk call.

LABAN. Where from?

DAVID. It sounded like Olympus.

LABAN. Never heard of it. (LABAN *takes telephone.*) Yes? Yes, Laban speaking. Who? Yes I do, I am in despair. Indeed I would like to save her. But who is speaking? Angel 1100. Oh, yes, what? Yes, of course, anything you like, please go on. You don't say so! a joke? But this is wonderful. . . . What? not a pure Dunkelsteiner? Well! Now what can I do for you?—Wings? Yes, I think so, genuine Parisian; no no, not secondhand, of course not, the very best, small, smart, and with gold embroidery—I'll have them sent off by registered post tomorrow! Thank you very much. Good-bye—Good-bye. SAVED! (To CAIN.) But you mustn't let me disturb you, my friend! You have important business of war, eh? Well, you'll soon be through with that. Good-bye, gentlemen.

SARAH. And Rachel? You've nothing to say for that poor child?

LABAN. How can I? This gentleman's time costs money. Come, Sarah.

SARAH. You heartless wretch. (*Both exit out R.*)

CAIN. What on earth was he getting at?

DAVID. He was putting it on, too. Wants to

NO MORE PEACE

touch your heart with his manly heroism, so that you'll pardon his daughter.

CAIN. What was that telephone message?

DAVID. Sounded like code.

CAIN. Check it.

DAVID (*into telephone*). Where did that last call come from? Where? (*To CAIN.*) She says Olympus!

CAIN. Nonsense!

DAVID (*into telephone*). Who? (*To CAIN.*) She says Angel 1100.

CAIN. Code. It's very strange, though; only a few minutes ago all the trunk lines were cut.

DAVID. Do you think Laban's a spy, too?

(*Enter SAMUEL R.*)

SAMUEL. Two letters, sir. (*And off.*)

CAIN (*reading letter*). Socrates has disappeared. When they opened the cell it contained nothing but a cloud.

DAVID. What did I tell you? Socrates was putting it on!

CAIN (*reading second letter*). Rachel and Jacob have escaped! From the condemned cell.

DAVID. That was it—a message in code!

CAIN. I'll have you shot if you don't recapture Jacob.

DAVID. Well, they have obviously bribed a warder.

CAIN. Get on with it then, off you go to the prison!

DAVID. Me?

CAIN. Search everywhere . . . how's the agitation against foreigners going?

DAVID. Hot and strong. The Union of Married Women Teachers demands their banishment. The league of ex-postal officials has called a spontaneous protest meeting with the slogan, "Death to all defilers of the race."

(Exit DAVID.)

(SOCRATES enters dressed as a gentleman.)

CAIN. Who are you?

SOCRATES. The Voice of Reason.

CAIN. Ah, the League of Nations Delegate!

SOCRATES. Well, one could say the Voice of Reason could be the Voice of the League of Nations.

CAIN. What does the League of Nations want?

SOCRATES. Peace.

CAIN. The League of Nations would do better to work for peace in times of peace.

SOCRATES. If everyone worked for peace in peace-time things would never come to war at all.

CAIN. But now we have war and we shall win.

SOCRATES. Will you win?

CAIN. We have faith in our victory.

SOCRATES. And hasn't the enemy faith in his victory. . . . If no nation had faith in victory they would none of them ever want armies!

CAIN. What precisely is your business here?

NO MORE PEACE

SOCRATES. My business has to do with you.

CAIN. Put your proposals briefly and clearly.

SOCRATES. If you made peace, you would be hailed as the saviour of the nation.

CAIN. I *am* the saviour!

SOCRATES. You should make overtures to the enemy.

CAIN. Will the League of Nations lend me support?

SOCRATES (*after a pause*). With the peace prize.

CAIN. I am to receive the peace prize? Are you bribing me?

SOCRATES. Well—yes!

CAIN. And if I decline?

SOCRATES. Are you so rich?

CAIN. And if I accept?

SOCRATES. Then reason will have won.

CAIN. And my country?

SOCRATES. Your country will lose nothing. It will gain peace.

CAIN. And when must I decide?

SOCRATES. Now.

CAIN. How much is it?

SOCRATES. Six thousand pounds.

(CAIN *is silent.*)

Well let us say ten thousand.

CAIN. You can't bribe me. I accept in the name of the State.

SOCRATES. God be praised!

CAIN. The war is over! There will be a

NO MORE PEACE

spontaneous demonstration. I will inform the people. No—you'd better tell them.

SOCRATES. Certainly. (*Takes microphone.*) My dear people, what is the matter? Why are you shouting . . . I don't understand . . .

CAIN. I understand only too well.

SOCRATES. You think the Brazilians are defiling the blood of the Dunkelsteiners. . . . But the Brazilians have just as much right to say that you Dunkelsteiners are defiling the blood of the Brazilians . . . you think I am a traitor? But perhaps you are traitors? Perhaps we are all traitors? Perhaps we are all betraying each other and ourselves. (*Shouting.*) . . . What do you prove by shouting me down? (*He is hit on the head by a stone, and staggers back.*)

. . . No, a stone is no proof either . . .

CAIN. Yet it is a sign of the mood of the people. I do *not* accept your peace prize. The money is confiscated by the State. (*He takes the microphone.*) Fellow-countrymen. I acknowledge your spontaneous enthusiasm and salute your struggle for purity of blood, for purity of soil. The defilers of our race shall be punished as they deserve. Dunkelstein for the Dunkelsteiners!

(*Cheers.*)

SOCRATES. But reason . . .

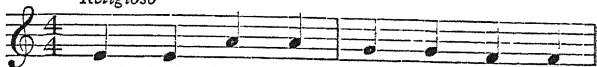
CAIN. Reason is an invention of the Brazilians.

(*Exit R.*)

NO MORE PEACE

SOCRATES' SONG

Religioso



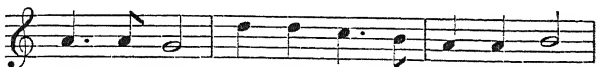
When my bod - y cast a shade, O



Rea - son was a lit - tle light On the sol - i -



- ta - ry shed, And strict and pri - vate



was the way In its se - cre - cy re - vealed



To the pure in - i - ti - ate, While the un - re -



gene - rate world In the night of fol - ly lay.

When my body cast a shade,
O Reason was a little light
On the solitary shed,
And strict and private was the way
In its secrecy revealed
To the pure initiate,
While the unregenerate world
In the night of folly lay.

NO MORE PEACE

"O Holy Light," the wise men cried,
"In the utter darkness burn !
Before the mortal worlds were made
Thou art the light ; thou art the way.
I am thy servant : govern me ;
On my inward darkness shine,
Straighten my perplexity
Nor deceive me, nor betray."

But, O, the Golden Age is ended ;
Electric light is not the same,
Fools are proud and wise confounded
So broad and common is the way.
And men's imaginations see
Primal darkness overcome,
For glittering is luxury
And nights of folly bright as day.

SOCRATES. Poor St. Francis ! Napoleon is
right. Reason is dead.

(*Exit L.*)

(*Enter CAIN, THIN MAN, FAT MAN and LITTLE
MAN.*)

CAIN. Hallo, where is he ? . . . That League
of Nations fellow has disappeared, too. That's one
enemy out of the way. Gentlemen, the people
have confidence in me. I am the ruler of the
country. . . . Has all the gold and silver been
confiscated ?

NO MORE PEACE

FAT MAN. It is all in the strong room of my bank.

CAIN. Even gold fillings must be handed over now.

LITTLE MAN. The dentists are working overtime.

FAT MAN. Bread and meat can be bought by ration cards only.

CAIN. Here is the war map. As soon as the sirens go off, the people will assemble in the bomb-proof cellars. The town will be hidden in smoke.

THIN MAN. It is already.

FAT MAN. You can't see your hand in front of your nose.

LITTLE MAN. Night over Dunkelstein.

CAIN. All the better! Our air squadrons are now leaving their underground hangars. (*Goes to map on wall.*) Here. They will encircle the enemy somewhere about here and bomb them to bits.

FAT MAN. And send Dunkelstein up in flames.

CAIN. That is war, gentlemen. There will be destruction in any case. Better be destroyed by your own bombs than the enemy's. (*Noise of aeroplanes outside.*)

THE THREE. They are coming!

CAIN. Gas-masks! (*They put on their gas-masks.*)

(DAVID enters L.)

Where are they?

DAVID. Outside.

CAIN. Over the city?

DAVID. In the corridor.

CAIN. The enemy in the corridor? (*Screaming.*) Traitor!

DAVID. Who? Me?

CAIN. You. All of you. I am betrayed. My friends have betrayed me.

FAT MAN. You must come to a quick decision.

CAIN. I will . . . I won't . . . I will . . . I won't . . .

DAVID. What are we to do with him?

CAIN. Hang them. Cut off their heads. Shoot them! Quarter them.

DAVID (*shouting off*). Noah to be hanged, beheaded, shot and quartered.

CAIN. Is it Noah outside?

DAVID. Yes. I found him in the prison.

CAIN. Where is the enemy?

DAVID. The enemy?

CAIN. Yes, the enemy.

DAVID. We don't know. We're still waiting for the fight.

(*CAIN and the other three take off their gas-masks.*)

CAIN. Where did you find Noah?

DAVID. In the prison.

CAIN. Where was he arrested?

DAVID. He arrested himself. I discovered him when searching the prison. He had hidden himself in a cell.

NO MORE PEACE

CAIN. Bring him in !

(NOAH enters.)

NOAH. Everything must be done in order ; even death. If I'm to be hanged, why shoot me afterwards ? If I'm to be shot, why cut off my head ? If you cut off my head and then quarter me, you will be dividing me into five, not four.

CAIN. You are a deserter.

NOAH. Right as usual.

CAIN. You are a thief.

NOAH. Wrong for once.

CAIN. You are robbing the State of bread. You smuggled yourself secretly into prison. You have been letting the State feed you for nothing.

NOAH. That's true enough.

CAIN. Punishment for desertion is death. Punishment for theft is prison. You will therefore be imprisoned for a suitable period and then shot.

NOAH. How long have I got to go to prison for ?

CAIN. Since you have already spent some time there without any justification, I shall sentence you to—three days.

NOAH. Oh, but just think, Mr. Cain, it was a serious offence. Theft in war-time. I think you could make it a year or three years.

CAIN. One of your days you've already served, so you will be shot in two days' time.

NOAH. If I'd said nothing and taken the

NO MORE PEACE

punishment, I should have had a day longer to live! A fool I always was . . .

(*NOAH is led out.*)

(*Enter SAMUEL.*)

SAMUEL. A telegram for the Government.

CAIN. Give it me. (*Reading aloud to himself.*)
"All operations to cease immediately. War a misunderstanding. Peace on earth."

(*CAIN sinks back on to his chair. Buries head in hands.*)

Gentlemen, it is the end.

THIN MAN. Of our freedom?

FAT MAN. Of our state?

LITTLE MAN. Of our people?

CAIN. Peace has broken out—in the midst of war!

THIN MAN. A short war.

LITTLE MAN. A sharp one.

FAT MAN. Hurrah!

CAIN. You shout hurrah when your heart should be at half-mast.

DAVID. My lovely War Song.

FAT MAN (*boxes his ears*). So you'd betray war in the same way as you betrayed peace!

DAVID (*boxes the FAT MAN's ears*). I didn't want it.

FAT MAN. He hit me.

LITTLE MAN. I saw him.

DAVID (*boxes the LITTLE MAN's ears*). And now you've felt it.

NO MORE PEACE

THIN MAN. This is going too far.

DAVID (*boxes the THIN MAN's ears*). And that's gone too near.

(*General scuffle.*)

CAIN. Peace! I demand peace!

THE THREE. It was you who declared war.

DAVID. Back, or I fire. Ow! (*He shoots into the air and the LITTLE MAN knocks DAVID's revolver out of his hand.*)

FAT MAN. So this is peace.

LITTLE MAN (*knocks DAVID down*). Knock out.

CAIN. Samuel, remove the Minister for Propaganda and Enlightenment.

(SAMUEL *leads DAVID out* R.)

You wanted to hear my decision. Listen then. I have never loved peace. Now for the first time, I have come to know the true greatness of war. The people are awakened. There is faith, courage, purpose . . . What does this telegram say? Peace . . . Good. We shall declare war again.

LITTLE MAN. Supposing the enemy doesn't want war.

CAIN. We shall force him to submit to our will.

FAT MAN. But whom shall we force? Who is the enemy to be?

CAIN. It's always easy to find an enemy.

THIN MAN. And how do you propose to raise the money?

CAIN. As long as we have paper factories we have money enough and to spare.

FAT MAN. You call that money?

THIN MAN. }
LITTLE MAN. } Bad money.

CAIN. You call yourself patriots and think only of money. Is that how you defend the honour of our country? Don't you realise that our *prestige* demands the continuation of this war. If you leave me in the lurch I shall appeal to the people. And do you know what the people will say. No more peace! . . . I give you three minutes to decide. If you decide wrong I shall have you shot. (*Exit L.*)

FAT MAN. He'll have us all killed.

THIN MAN. A ticklish situation.

LITTLE MAN. Once anybody starts shooting there's no stopping them.

THIN MAN. We must keep cool.

FAT MAN. If we decide for peace we shall probably be shot.

LITTLE MAN. We certainly shall if we decide for war.

FAT MAN. The question is which is dearer, peace or war?

LITTLE MAN. The crops are all burnt.

THIN MAN. Bread is scarce.

FAT MAN. We had too much. Now we have too little. But let us leave on one side the material aspects, gentlemen. Is peace more moral than war?

NO MORE PEACE

THIN MAN. He's going to appeal to the people.

LITTLE MAN. With a revolver in both hands.

THIN MAN. Anyone who votes for peace will be shot.

FAT MAN. We will not appeal to the people. He won't shoot anybody.

LITTLE MAN. He's got the guns, not us.

(Enter LABAN.)

THE THREE *(shouting at LABAN)*. Peace has been declared.

LITTLE MAN. But Mr. Cain says he'll declare war again.

LABAN. You must leave this to me.

THIN MAN *(quickly)*. Certainly. I'm going to get out at once.

FAT MAN. For myself, I must hurry off to Singapore.

LITTLE MAN. Excuse me, I must fly to Persia and see the Shah.

(All three make for the exit.)

LABAN. Don't rush off immediately, gentlemen, I have a plan. Leave me alone with Mr. Cain and wait for me at my office. On my table you will find a paper of the greatest importance. Publish the contents if I do not return within half an hour.

THE THREE. We will.

(The Three go off.)

(Enter CAIN L.)

CAIN. Well, have they come to a decision?

LABAN. I have made their decision. . . .

CAIN. To carry on the war?

(LABAN bows.)

I thank you.

LABAN. But there is just one question, one small, insignificant question.

CAIN. Ah, who is the enemy? The hereditary enemy, of course.

LABAN (*pointedly*). The people hate all foreigners.

CAIN. And rightly so.

LABAN. Especially the Brazilians.

CAIN. Precisely.

LABAN. Good. Only a native Dunkelsteiner is fit to lead the army.

CAIN. Therefore I shall retain command.

LABAN. I have in my possession a certain piece of paper, quite a small piece of paper, a birth certificate. (*Sharply*.) You are not a Dunkelsteiner at all, Mr. Cain. Your grandmother was a Brazilian.

CAIN. That's a lie.

LABAN. I have the document here.

CAIN. It's a forgery. Show it to me.

LABAN. Here it is.

CAIN. Who gave you this? Socrates? Confess. Can't you see that the Brazilians themselves have forged this document? (*Tears up paper and*

NO MORE PEACE

throws it at LABAN's feet.) There's your precious document !

LABAN. Why go to all that trouble ? It was only a copy. The original is locked up in my safe.

CAIN. You shall not leave this building alive. I shall have you shot.

LABAN. Not so fast, not so fast, my dear sir. I think you had better do nothing of the kind. *(Takes out watch.)* If I am not let out of this building within three minutes the town will be plastered with posters exposing you.

(CAIN after a moment takes out revolver and puts it to his head.)

(LABAN wrests revolver from him. Long pause.)

Really, Mr. Cain, apart from the fact that the revolver is not loaded, there's no need to kill yourself. You are young enough to start again. Think what you can do if you go on living. Write your memoirs, fly the Atlantic. The North Pole has been fully explored, but you can try the South Pole. Take an expedition there. We will finance it. You may go now. Good-bye, Mr. Cain. *(At microphone.)* Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Laban speaking. I am very glad to be able to announce to you that peace has broken out. Peace on earth ! Long live peace !

(A growing cheering is heard outside.)

(Enter the LITTLE MAN.)

LITTLE MAN. Peace?

LABAN. Peace!

LITTLE MAN. Peace was unavoidable.

LABAN. Why do you say that? I've always heard war spoken of as unavoidable, not peace.

LITTLE MAN. But peace won't last for ever. But there's no need to worry about your jam factory, Mr. Laban. It will prosper again one day.

LABAN. I'm not complaining. Half an hour ago I sold the whole business, lock, stock and barrel, at a war-time price.

LITTLE MAN. But how did you know?

LABAN. I have my sources.

LITTLE MAN. Where is Cain?

LABAN. Gone to write his memoirs.

LITTLE MAN. Where?

LABAN. To the South Pole, I believe.

FAT MAN (*enter L.*). Oh, Mr. Laban, what has happened to your poor children?

LABAN. My children are quite happy where they are. They managed to escape from prison, went straight to the Registry Office and got married.

LITTLE MAN. What do the people say?

LABAN. The people are delighted. They always are when right triumphs over wrong.

FAT MAN. Certainly. The only question is whether they know which is which.

LABAN. Ah, the people know that all right.

SAMUEL (*entering*). The young couple.

NO MORE PEACE

(Enter RACHEL and JACOB, followed by the crowd.)

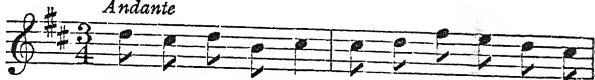
LABAN. My children !

(Enter the Band. Confusion.)

CRIES. Rachel ! Rachel !

RACHEL'S SONG

Andante



Now the day is done, And the fev'-rish sor-row



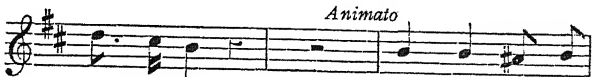
In the heart of man sleeps un - til to - mor - row.



Bound - ed is the sea— And the earth is



small. Man's stu - pi - di - ty Has no



bounds at all. Now he strides in



fol - ly, Now stum-bles blind and wild, To



ter - ror and il - lu - sion, O - be - dient as a

NO MORE PEACE

a tempo

child. On wise men now be -

- lieve, And then to fools will fly, And cur - ses where he

appassionato

blessed, And dreads his des - ti - ny. Yet, if he chose, the

earth And all her fruits were his; And

luck - y be the man Who now un - luck - y is.

tempo lmo

Bound-ed is the sea— And the earth is

small; Man's stu - pi - di - ty Has no bounds at all.

Now the day is done,
And the feverish sorrow
In the heart of man
Sleeps until to-morrow.

NO MORE PEACE

Bounded is the sea
And the earth is small;
Man's stupidity
Has no bounds at all.

Now he strides in folly,
Now stumbles blind and wild,
To terror and illusion,
Obedient as a child.

On wise men now believe,
And then to fools will fly,
And curses where he blessed,
And dreads his destiny.

Yet, if he chose, the earth
And all her fruits were his;
And lucky be the man
Who now unlucky is.

Bounded is the sea
And the earth is small;
Man's stupidity
Has no bounds at all.

(Cheers from the crowd.)

RACHEL. Where is Noah?

LABAN. In prison.

RACHEL. Can't we release him?

LABAN (*to DAVID*). Yes, I think so. Go and release Noah and bring him here.

DAVID. Can I bring the children, too?
They're so fond of Noah.

N O M O R E P E A C E

LABAN. As long as they don't start singing that war song.

DAVID. They shall sing the Peace Song.

(Exit DAVID.)

JACOB. You spoke wonderfully.

RACHEL. Everything I said I said for you.

JACOB. And now we've been married two hours.

RACHEL. Just two hours.

JACOB. Will you always love me? Even when we've been married two years?

(RACHEL nods.)

RACHEL. For ever.

(Tumult at door.)

SAMUEL. You can't come in, I tell you. You're dirtier than ever.

NOAH. Right as usual. Is it peace again?

LABAN. Yes, it is peace—don't you know?

(NOAH goes to placard, turns it round.)

NOAH. How can anyone know? You turn so quickly—and that old placard doesn't know either—look at it.

LABAN. Samuel, take that placard away.

SAMUEL. It only wants turning round.

NOAH. It only needs turning round. A ruddy merry-go-round!

NO MORE PEACE

(*The children once more sing the PEACE SONG.*)

We are the new battalions,
Humanity's police;
And love is our commander
And his word is peace.
With heart and soul
Till we reach our goal,
O'er earth and air and sea,
We will sing this song
As we march along,
Marching on to victory.

Before our friendly handshake
All anger melts away,
United we go forward
Till victory crowns the day.
With heart and soul
Till we reach our goal,
O'er earth and air and sea,
We will sing this song
As we march along,
Marching on to victory.

SCENE 5

Olympus.

NAPOLEON. Cigarette?

ST. FRANCIS. Thank you. I don't smoke.

NAPOLEON. Whisky?

ST. FRANCIS. No, really, thank you. I never drink.

NAPOLEON. You are unhappy, my dear Francis.

ST. FRANCIS. How long is it since you sent the war telegram?

NAPOLEON. For us, the breath of a second. For humanity the best part of an earthly day.

ST. FRANCIS. To think that a single day can contain so much horror, so much cruelty, so much suffering, such poverty of spirit! I pity mankind.

NAPOLEON. Ah, you see only the suffering. And weren't many of them perfectly happy? Happy to die.

ST. FRANCIS. That, to my mind, is the most dreadful part of it.

NAPOLEON. Well, personally, I call the courage to fight and die, heroism.

ST. FRANCIS. Have so few men the courage to live? Even for peace, you see, they are readier to die than to live.

NAPOLEON. That, my dear old Francis, is because peace is not an ideal which offers a reward for living. There's no place in the sun for the peaceful.

ST. FRANCIS. I wonder if that's true? Perhaps we should meditate deeply upon the nature of peace as it is, and as it might be. Perhaps the peace the statesmen talk so much about is not really the right kind of peace at all.

NAPOLEON. You know, there's a little thing

NO MORE PEACE

that's worrying me. It's silly, but I can't get it out of my head. How did this man, this banker fellow, find out. And who told him that my telegram was a joke?

ST. FRANCIS. A bitter joke, indeed.

NAPOLEON. But how could he know? How could anybody know? The wireless and the telephone were put out of action. The Dunkelsteiners blew up the railways. And chased off any aeroplanes that tried to land. (*To ANGEL.*) You're sure you followed my instructions, my dear.

ANGEL (*coming down*). Oh yes, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON (*pacing up and down*). Then how did Laban know?

(*NAPOLEON comes to a standstill face to face with the ANGEL.*)

Those are new wings you've got.

(*ANGEL is silent.*)

Small, smart . . . genuine Parisian wings! Where did they come from?

ANGEL. Well, Your Majesty, St. John asked me . . .

(*Thunder.*)

NAPOLEON. Where . . . ?

ANGEL. Well, you see St. Peter said . . .

(*Thunder.*)

NAPOLEON. The truth, please!

NO MORE PEACE

ANGEL. Well, really, St. Anthony did say . . .

(*Loud thunder.*)

ST. FRANCIS. Don't lie, child. You have heard the three-fold warning.

NAPOLEON. *You . . .* you betrayed my secret.

ANGEL. I did, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. You let yourself *be bribed*!

ANGEL. Yes, Your Majesty . . . the old wings didn't suit me at all.

NAPOLEON. Now there you are, you see. When I was on earth I never let a woman into secrets of State.

(*Indignant thunder.*)

Ahem! Still, they are very beautiful wings.

ANGEL. Oh, aren't they, Your Majesty! Now I have no desires at all. I am happy, absolutely happy.

ST. FRANCIS. Dear me. I wonder when mankind will be absolutely happy with no desires at all.

NAPOLEON. Never.

ST. FRANCIS. When, oh when will peace reign upon earth.

NAPOLEON. My dear old man, for thousands of years, intelligent men have known that peace is a dream of intellectuals.

ST. FRANCIS. And one day that dream will be fulfilled. Love will be stronger than hatred.

NO MORE PEACE

The truth will be truer than official lies. And mankind will see the truth and recognise it.

NAPOLEON. I doubt it.

ST. FRANCIS. Peace on earth. . . .

NAPOLEON (*laughs*). And when will that day be?

ST. FRANCIS. When the clever stop talking and the wise begin to act.

NAPOLEON. That is a dangerous doctrine.

ST. FRANCIS. Why dangerous?

NAPOLEON. It reminds me of a sentence written by a rebel, "Hitherto philosophers have sought to explain the world. Our task is to change it." For this doctrine he now lies in hell.

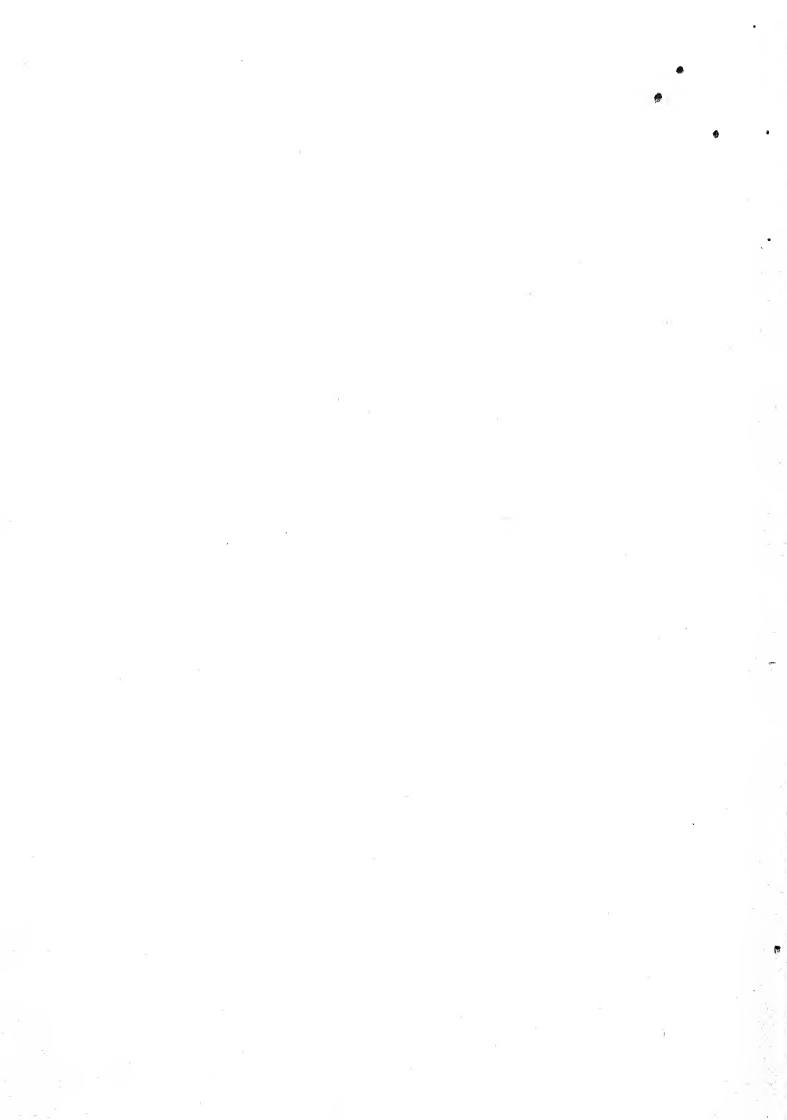
ST. FRANCIS. But surely he was right.

(*Thunder.*)

NAPOLEON. You hear?

ST. FRANCIS (*whispering*). Still—he was right.

CURTAIN.



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